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## THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

25 JANUARY 1980

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## Author, Author

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow, and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than Friday, February 15. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened, or failing that, the most nearly correct, in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Editors should be addressed to the Editor, The Times Literary Supplement, PO Box 7, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8SE, and marked "Author, Author" on the envelope. The solution and puzzle will appear in our issue of February 22.

Competition No 8

1. The inaccessible he told me  
This hearted she released me

2. The cold he warmed  
What Blake presaged, what  
Lawrence took a stand on,  
What Yeats locked up in  
fable, he performed,  
The Times Third Leaders are  
decoded, pigeon-holed for  
Tennyson's has been corrected  
of incessant self-abuse.

3. Doing, a filthy pleasure is, and  
And done, we straight repeat  
us of the sport:  
Let us not then rush blindly  
on unto it,  
Like lustful beasts that only  
know as it is  
For lust, will, language, and  
that best, duty,  
But thus, thus, keeping endless  
holidays  
Let us together closely lie,  
and close

There is no labour, nor no  
shame in this;  
This hath pleased, both please  
and long will please; never  
Can this decay, but  
beginning ever.

Competition No 5  
The result of competition No 5 will  
appear in next week's issue.

The pictures on the cover of this  
issue of the TLS are of Giacomo  
"Hands Holding the Vase" (1950)  
and come from The Spirit of  
Realism (1865pp. Bloomington  
Indiana: Cleveland Museum of Art  
Indiana University Press. £10.  
Edward B. Hanning's extensive  
illustrated record of an exhibition  
held at the Cleveland Museum  
Art during October and November

## Chewing on the cannibals

By Rodney Needham

W. ARENS:

The Man-eating Myth  
Anthropology and Anthropophagy  
206pp. Oxford University Press.  
£5.25.  
0 19 502506 7

When four savages from Mississippi were brought to Fontainebleau, in 1725, Voltaire seized the opportunity to speak with them. The solitary exchange that he reports from this encounter is that he asked one of them, a woman, if she had ever eaten men. An odd question to put, and so brutally, to a lady guest from foreign parts. When she replied, "tres naïvement", that she had, he showed himself rather shocked. A curious reaction, when he had been given just the answer that no doubt he looked for. If he was ready enough to ask his ingenious interlocutor if she were a cannibal, why was he scandalized when she admitted she was?

This ambivalence—namely the avidity to be convinced of a revelation of inhumanity on the part of other people—is a central theme of *The Man-eating Myth*. W. Arens was led to take it up by a student who asked why he was lecturing on kinship, politics, and economics and not on something "interesting" like cannibalism. At the time, Professor Arens was of the opinion that cannibalism in the past and present was a fairly common phenomenon, but when he inspected the ethnographic literature he was "unable to uncover adequate documentation of cannibalism as a custom in any form for any society" and he became "dubious about the actual existence of this act as an accepted practice for any time or place".

Puzzled, he turned to his anthropological colleagues, and he also placed a notice in the *Newsletter of the American Anthropological Association* asking for eye-witness accounts of cannibalism.

He had only four written responses; three were unproductive and one was from a German graduate student, Erwin Frank, who had searched all the publications on cannibalism in the Amazon basin from the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries and had failed to discover "a single first-hand account of the act itself". Thus put on his mettle, Arens pursued the extended investigation of which the outcome is a book that is provocative, constantly

interesting, and in some regards profoundly consequential.

The work has two purposes: first, to make a critical assessment of reports of cannibalism; second, in the light of this evidence and the explanations advanced, to arrive at a broader understanding of the nature and function of anthropology over the past century. After an introductory chapter, the author deals in turn with the classic man-eaters (Caribs, Aztecs), recent man-eaters (Africa, New Guinea), the prehistoric world of anthropology (prehominids, early man, archaeological findings), the mythical world of anthropology, and finally the mythical world of anthropology. In the course of his study Arens is repeatedly "disturbed by the lack of documentation" and decides that all the cases he examines are spurious.

But if cannibalism is to that extent a fiction, why is it so often referred to as fact? Arens puts forward two answers. First, that any group of people can appreciate their own existence more meaningfully by conjuring up others as categorical opposites, and "what could be more distinctive than creating a boundary between those who do and those who do not eat human flesh?" Second, that anthropology depends in part on the existence of the savage; it has a "clear-cut interest in maintaining some crucial cultural boundaries—of which the cannibalistic boundary is one".

The case is presented in a quick and compendious fashion, and the publisher has produced it as a neat volume with apt and effective illustrations. Once in paperback, it will be a popular and almost indispensable title in anthropological courses of instruction, and it is likely to attract attention far outside university circles. Arens writes, moreover, in a direct and unpretentious idiom, with some quite nice touches of irony, aphorism, and sardonic humour.

But at the same time his style is remarkably uneven, sometimes clumsy or unclear, and many readers may conclude that anthropologists write as ill as sociologists are commonly said to do. Perhaps it is late in the day to protest that "data" is not a singular noun, but the copy editor could have prevented "pervasive data" when "extensive" is what is meant. The author thinks, too, that an "avowal" is an assertion or allegation, that "vagary" is contrasted with specific (and thus connotes vagueness), that "contemporary" is synony-

mous with modern, that "improvident" means imprudent, and that "consciously" is the same as deliberately. Claims to have observed cannibalism are described as "rampant" (sic, prominent); an immoderate inclination is represented as "immodest"; evidence that has persisted for over 400 years is said to be "ephemeral" (sic, tenuous). All the same, it is the argument that counts, and this is undeniably challenging and well worth taking very seriously.

The immediate response to Arens's contentions is to call up a test case, best perhaps not one that he has examined. For an Indonesianist this is bound to be that of certain of the Batak peoples of Sumatra, who in works of reference are notorious for having been cannibals. They are thought to have been referred to as such by Herodotus, Marco Polo, and Nicolo Conti, and there are numerous assertions in nineteenth-century and later ethnographic literature that the Batak used to practise cannibalism. The custom has been so far accepted that the late Robert von Heine-Geldern proposed an historical connection with Herakles, a terrible god of Vajrayana Buddhism in whose rites bloody sacrifices and perhaps even the eating of human flesh are held to have played a part. This "magic rite of degenerate Buddhism", it is suggested, was indeed one of the essential reasons that cannibalism was enabled to survive among the Batak for so long.

The historical perspective is thus impressive enough, but what precisely is the evidence that any of the Batak were ever cannibals? To attain a scholarly mastery of the literature on Batak civilization, and thereby to be certain on this score, would be the labour of a lifetime, but there are certain obvious sources that answer significantly to Arens's argument.

E. M. Loeb (*Sumatra*, 1935) is in no doubt that the Batak were cannibals until the present century. His chief authority, from whom he gets all his details, is F. W. Junghuhn, a famous naturalist who travelled among the Batak in 1840-41 and published his observations in *Die Batak in Sumatra* (Berlin, 1847). Junghuhn, says Loeb, "witnessed" the practice of cannibalism during his stay in Tobo, and it is with this assurance that Loeb quotes in translation a horrible account of what was done to the victim. One especially grisly

scene is that in which the raja cuts a piece of flesh from the living person, drinks with gusto some of the blood streaming from it, and then cooks it on the spot.

The appetite of the Batak is not spoiled, it is lively reported, by the walls of the unfortunate sufferer as he sees his own flesh being roasted under his very eyes. Confirmatory particulars are that it is usually "eight or ten minutes" (admirable ethnographic nicety) before the butchered man becomes unconscious a quarter of an hour before he dies.

This all sounds definite enough, but the source itself does not bear out the assertion that Junghuhn ever witnessed an instance of cannibalism. Although he once suspected that he had been served human flesh in a stew, all he says on the relevant count is merely that during a year and a half in Batak country he learned of ("mir... bekant geworden") only three cases, in widely separated territories, of the public consumption of human beings. Some Batak, he relates, make no secret of their cannibalism, but so far as the evidence goes he himself never saw anyone actually eaten.

Another document, published in 1855, is a letter that had been written by J. Burton to Sir Stamford Raffles in 1822. "It being a disputed point whether any of our fellow men actually eat human flesh", writes the correspondent, he set out to ascertain in Tapanuli whether it were really the practice of the Batak. All the neighbouring Malays said it was (of course), and it was also commonly admitted by Batak themselves; some of the latter gave details of two men recently eaten—though Burton is happy to add that "not more than a fourth of the spectators could be induced to join in this horrible feast of human gore". Burton did not see anyone eaten, nor does he report (like Robinson Crusoe) having seen any material evidence that anybody had been.

Another authority of note is H. N. van der Tuuk, a Bible translator who went to Batak country in 1848 and discovered Lake Tobo in 1853. In his great *Batakisch-Nederlandsch Woordenboek* (1861), he, too, describes a post to which is tied someone who is to be eaten, or part of whom is to be made into a misman, but he does not at this place provide any visual evidence of the practice. What he does say is simply that the victim

is killed by a spear-thrust in the chest or the side, i.e. not by piece-meal carving.

A later traveller, E. Modigliani, writes in his *Fra i Batachi indipendenti* (1892) that in his journeys among the Batak he often risked being eaten, and that he has no hesitation in affirming that the Batak are cannibals. The categories of victim which he lists, however, are identical with those published by Junghuhn, and it is probably from this source also that he has other details.

A number of persons were eaten in 1840 and 1843, he says, and in 1883 a certain chief ate no fewer than eleven men; Modigliani knows this because missionaries told him so. Nevertheless, he candidly volunteers that if he were asked whether he had ever seen anyone eaten he would have to say no.

By 1909, when J. Warnock published *Die Religion der Batak*, cannibalism had become an "incomprehensible aberration", and it was no longer possible to explain why it had ever been practised.

The outcome, then, is that whereas Batak told Burton Junghuhn van der Tuuk (apparently, and Modigliani) that they were man-eaters, none of these authorities provides independent and direct evidence that they were. No justice of the peace would send anyone to gaol for a weekend on the basis of such testimony—and this is the star case of cannibalism in Indonesia. Yet the hold of the grim notion is so strong that even a Karo Batak, Professor Masri Singarimbun, writing about his own people, has stated as recently as 1975 that "there has been no cannibalism among the Karo since the beginning of the nineteenth century", implying that before then there had been.

But in 1916 Lekkerkerker asserted that the Karo had "never in historical times" been man-eaters, and the *Encyclopaedie van Nederlandsch-Indië* (1917) states that at the beginning of the nineteenth century the practice was quite certainly "unknown" among the Karo.

Arens is clearly on to something important, therefore, even if he has not made his case very efficiently. An initial objection to his argument is that he does not define cannibalism. The people of Nias, off the west coast of Sumatra, were at one time head-hunters (more on this in a moment), and it is reported

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**KIM TAPLIN :**  
**'The English Path'**  
192pp. Ipswich : Boydell Press. £7.50  
0 85115 117 5

The footpath across North Meadows was crowded but quiet, just while families in their best clothes slowly passing and re-passing each other in nodding groups. This lovely formal footpath led to the home of the young man married the Robert Andrews of Gainsborough's delightful double portrait, and all three of them must have strolled it in summer, and skated along it in winter (as we know) and must have seen the paths remained my favorites because of their habit of coming out nowhere and of having the reputation of being faintly dangerous. All the rarest flowers grew in them, and must have done so for a long time, as the old surfaces were pushed low by medieval cart traffic. My present house can only

**BRYAN BREED :**  
**White Collar Bird**  
**The White Collar Man in Prison**  
**and His Problems**  
 159pp. John Clare Books. £5.95  
 0 906549 02-7

A New York journalist and not a criminologist, he approached the work open-mindedly with few preconceived ideas or prejudices and, in some respects, without very much knowledge. The group he studied contained solicitors, shopkeepers, policemen, salesmen, accountants, company directors, engineers, office managers, hotel managers, insurance brokers, quantity surveyors, a sub-postmaster, a personnel manager and a teacher. About all they had in common was that they had been convicted of crime and sent to prison.

Mr. Ereck was not slow to learn and is not reticent in admitting it. The biggest myth exploded was that of the "high-powered" white collar criminal. Because the rasos

he reached by old footpaths or a gull, and what an event it is to see anyone exploring or promenading either! A path-traveller who isn't on his way to me and who is just walking "off the road", as they used to say, is a sight to bring your nose to the window.

Klm Taplin's book is quite an event too. For a long time now we have come to regard footpaths either in conservationist terms, or in the terms of Hoskinsian<sup>2</sup> or geographical surface.<sup>3</sup> It is time to be reminded of what they mean in emotional, social, spiritual and metaphorical terms to the generations of country folk that created the context of a surprise. At first the subject of Taplin's thesis sounds almost naive. She intends to find all the references she can in English literature to footpaths and then prove that they are what they are, which went much further than getting on to work, school or church.

Then the generally informed reader on the subject is obliged to acknowledge that in this most interesting matter he has missed its central meaning, and that mapping is one thing, and a life-time repetitive treading of intimate little routes something quite else. Professor Richard Cobb has long known this, but most of us have not. What the majority of us feel about footpaths is that they remain desirable although unused—unless we are farmers, and then we find them one of a mass of nuisances left over from the past.

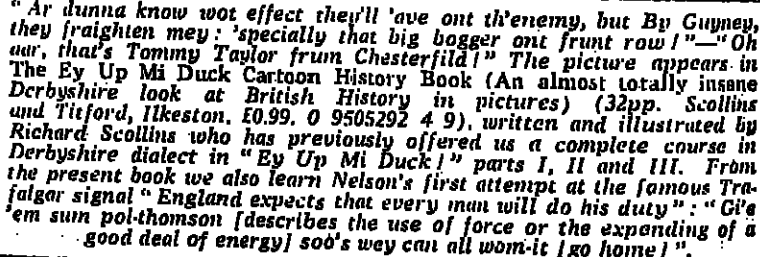
In the course of unearthing the feelings which went with centuries of tramping along this semi-bidden web of by-ways, Mrs. Tuplin shows that her husband's reputation for being a "country gentleman" are at all a new thing. Jane Austen, in *Kennel*, lets that perfect landowner Mr. Knightley give her own definition of the term: "Act as to Closing Footpaths" when she has him say, in relation to moving the path to Langham, "I should not attempt it, if it were to cost me the friendship of the people to the Highbury people"—though what point would this kind of consideration have now? Few of the closed footpaths I know can claim any enemies as to their continuing existence. Does this make them superfluous? Far from it. Those who want ammunition for the continuing fight will find plenty of it.

curious though it will sound in some courts. Protection began long ago when, in 1865, Leslie Stephen became the first secretary of the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society. Later, Ruskin was to argue that mere right of way was not enough but that the condition of the path should be such as to give pleasure to the walker.

Which borings one to the pedestrian's motto, *Solivult ambulando* ("You can sort it out by walking"), which also summarizes many of the literary and metaphysical attitudes that footpaths have inspired over the ages. *Solivult ambulando* is the Latin name for the walking stick, the purpose, their continual path achievement, if poets and saints are anything to go by. Maybe doctors and priests, instead of doling out so many Hail Marys or pills, should order us to take the footpath from London to the coast, or vice versa, twice daily for a month. The broad range of poetry, fiction and history quoted by Mrs Taplin proves that they provide both anodyne or stimulant, according to the needs of the user. They can be used to inspire, to cheer the imagination, touch the heart, contain sensation and drama, and induce a unique realization of travel. Her footpath-authors extra-ordinary are Richard Jefferies, John Galsworthy, Robert Burns, Alfred, Hardy (the poet), George Bernard Shaw, and George Bernard Shaw. She advises against Dickens for whom, she says, "the countryside was clean, quiet, good, beautiful and dead". She loves Flora Thompson

son's gift for evoking their privacy and the inner life of the people subject to their criticism. Helping girls to cover styles allowed the initial physical contact; knowing the local food and drink network like the back of your hand was the next step. The author is convinced you were interested in, portrayed all those coincidental meetings so essential to the nineteenth-century novel, and thus to the perpetuation of the race.

But this eye-opening little book is at its best when dealing with path imagery and that rough transcendentalism which until recently was the province of the rural life. When it describes how the workday rural landscape gets mixed up with the geography of paradise, the scenes of daily exhaustion and the pleasures of the past, the dreams, often personal escape routes from the insatiable interest in small societies, are far more than



**FRED HOYLE**  
and **N. C. WICKRAMASINGHI**  
**Diseases from Space**  
196pp. Dent. £6.95.  
0 460 04357 9

The number of hypotheses that can be invented to explain any phenomenon is infinite. If we were to hypothesize that all human and animal diseases are caused by the sorcerer working in Balliol College, this hypothesis is obviously absurd. Or we could suggest that some or all microbial diseases are caused by the influence of the earth by micro-organisms from space. This hypothesis is absurd, though it may well be untrue. The title of this book, which illustrates several of the theories in action, is that a testable conclusion has been deduced by a logic remorselessly indifferent to the obvious. When two extremely distinguished, hard-headed astronomers, opinion on the origin of life in the Solar system we should not ignore the conclusions. Their studies have concluded that comets provide an environment in which life could develop. Let us assume that comets contain water at the temperature, and molecules known to be essential precursors of life. The life-form that would develop in this environment would be single cells resembling bacteria. These would be expected to evolve as a method of genetic

forms. The cometary environment, they say, would be stable over thousands of millions of years, and the earth would be seeded with cometary life forms when it passes through a cometary tail. Terrestrial organisms, it follows, are the result of evolution in cometary life in a heterogeneous environment. This is entirely reasonable: if life could have originated in suitable milieu on earth, then it could just as easily have originated on comets, if they possess similar milieu.

How can the hypothesis be tested? One way would be to despatch a probe to the nearest comet: difficult and expensive. Another way is to postulate that the interaction of cometary life forms with terrestrial organisms might produce disease. For example, the *Cholera* of the Singhis and the *Staphylococcus* of the Singhis have the same characteristic epidemic patterns of microbial diseases, from ancient times to the present, and conclude that the patterns of many diseases, in particular influenza, are consistent with those of the Plague of Athens, as described by Thucydides, could have been caused by invasion from space: it could also have been caused by a vicious mutant of a common terrestrial bacterium. The possibility of a cometary influenza pandemic, for which we have no satisfactory hypothesis, could be explained by their theory. However, influenza virus is highly specific for respiratory tract cells in men and ferrets. There is no conceivable mechanism by which single cells with the correct surface antigens could have evolved on a comet. Without those cells a virus like influenza could not develop. If they had suggested that influenza virus evolved on asteroids from a less demanding ancestor which came down millions of years ago and infected some cells, somewhere, their biology would be more plausible.

This is an entertaining and stimulating book, very difficult to argue against, especially in a short review. There are several passages of course, but the most probable is the one attributable to the author. For example, all current theories explaining the fall of the Roman Empire are dismissed of course. This is obviously true, but the cause was not the barbarian invasion of disease organisms. Hence the Dark Ages. Hence the "morose religion" of Christianity. Hence the Middle Ages. Hence again Alexander's battles were repelled by the plague at Agincourt they would have knocked the stuffing out of the English, because the rain of disease from space was the cause of the medieval military power. Marvellous.

As a medical microbiologist I feel a duty to give a clear verdict on this. My verdict, then, is that this is a very good book.

**SØREN KIERKEGAARD :**  
Letters and Documents  
Translated by Henrik Rosenmeier  
545pp. Princeton University Press  
\$28.50.  
0 691 7228 0

**Two Ages**  
Translated by Howard V. Hong and  
Edna M. Hong  
187pp. Princeton University Press  
\$16.  
0 691 07226 4

**N. VIALLANEIX :**  
Ecoute, Klerkegaard  
Volume 1 : 335pp. Volume 2 : 373pp  
Paris : Editions du Cerf.

Kierkegaard was conscious of his own profligacy. There is hardly any adult life on which he does not write either for publication or for private echo. His works are a soliloquy all of which is to be overheard by God and much of which is to reach the ears of the world. The act of writing is an immediate extension, a making audible even more than visible, of an unbroken current of inward discourse. Personal solitude (Montaigne in his tower-room, Kierkegaard in his writing-study) is a vast, masculine building of echo chambers (silence), the jealous cultivation of spiritual and physical apartness from the "racket" of common speech, were the source and justification of this solipsistic eloquence. Kierkegaard's pseudonyms, like Montaigne's quotations, enact deliberate fragmentations and dramatizations within a primary monologue. They generate anti-echoes, cracks in the mirror, which if they are to do anything of serious address would lead to something of its dialectical aspect.

The outpouring of Kierkegaard's testimony seems to obey a pendulum motion. The more "literary" texts alternate with devotional, homiletic works of an uncompromising pastoral, pietistic character. The *Upbuilding Discourses* succeed to *Either/Or*, the *Stages of Life's Way* precede the intense personal *Concluding Unscientific Postscript* and the *Corsair* polemics the texts assembled in *Practices of the Soul*, the essays in *Philosophical Fragments* and *The Sickness of Death* and the idiosyncratic, cunning *Wrought Point of View for my Work as an Author*. In actual fact, composition is often simultaneous or overlapping, and there is a porousness between the literary and the devotional. Kierkegaard's production is an "interleaving" in a single master text. So far as publication goes, however, the alternating rhythm is regular and seems to prolong the quality of the literary and the devotional and the religious which Kierkegaard had analysed in his early books and which he had, according to his own witness, largely surmounted after 1846. It is only in his last publications that the literary and the religious, *This Must be Said*, *So Let Us Be Said*, *Chr. Raab's Judgment on the Old Christianity* and the *Feared Images* articles, that Kierkegaard brings the full virtuosity of the literary to the bearing of the "sacred" theme. If *The Book of Adler*, which Kierkegaard left unpublished, is simultaneously masterpiece of psychology and tragic stylization, bridging the gap between the literary and the religious, and the *Pragmatic and exegetical standards*, an indecisive, ambivalent text, it is because even at this stage the oscillations between austerity and naked witness were

Kierkegaard, himself would perhaps find dissociation, or personal journey, as the most scriptural, excerpts and shorter hermeanutics, the voluminous Paping (now available in a series of English-language translations) underlie and contain formally composed, the publisher's books and essays. They direct entire complex structure toward a single focus: that of immediate disclosure, that of God, the sole medium of communication accessible to man, which is Christ and of the Word; it is Christ, Kierkegaard would argue, who alone could make that needful, and stilling were categories to be transcended that we may best, perhaps, view as the final two days of Abraham's journey.

Moriah, days whose tenor of unspoken anguish and acceptance Kierkegaard transcribes in *Four and Trembling*. To reach this place and order of the sacrificial on the third day of the journey is to enter upon "the infinite liberation of the religious". In this sphere such concepts as "style" and "genre" are inapplicable; or, in Kierkegaardian terms, human discourse achieves its authentic purpose which is that of immediate response, of pure answerability to the articulate presence of the divine.

[illegible]

To do so at any confident level requires Danish; even within the Danish Kierkegaard's idiom presents taxing problems of interpretation. The twenty-volume ninth edition of the *Samlede Værker* (1962-64) is the indispensable work of reference. The few who have been able to be of service to the English-speaking world have done so under Emmanuel Hirsch's illustrious eagle, the *Gesammelte Werke* (1954-74) comprises twenty-seven volumes plus one volume of indexes and five of the diagrams. Each page of this material is collated in the margin with the first Danish edition of the complete works of 1901-06. The identical practice of cross-reference to the Danish original followed in Kierkegaard's *Writings* now launched under Howard V. and Edna Kierkegaard, Jr., at the Kierkegaard Library and study centre at St Olaf College in Minnesota. In close collaboration with such Kierkegaardians as Niels Thulstrup, doyen in the field, and Gregor Malantuchuk, who has agreed to present a 'positive, coherent, and scholarly' edition of Søren Kierkegaard's works in English\*, it is to appear in twenty-six volumes (the parallel with Diederichs' set is evident with its cumulative index planned for publication in 1968). This edition also collates with the Horstmann translation of the *Papirer* (*Journals and Papers*, 1967-78) is meant, in particular, to supersede the pioneering but often flimsy translation of Kierkegaard's *Journal* written and edited by Walter Lowrie.

Two volumes have been issued for the first, which will be *Voluntarism* in the complete set, containing *Letters and Documents*. It offers the first translation into English of all known correspondence from Kierkegaard to his friends, as well as his personal letters, from baptismal certificate to terminal hospital record and (somewhat fatuously) his

[illegible]

deterioration of Kierkegaard's relations with Rasmus Nielsen, a crisis of trust which was further to accentuate his sense of aloneness but which also demonstrated, beyond doubt, Kierkegaard's unwillingness to allow his inner nearness to the roots of his thought and style. The epistles to J. L. A. Kolderup-Rosenvinge are small masterpieces of self-mockery and speculative gusto. In copious detail, they constitute a series of walks, in which if any, of which the author took place, but whose peregrine evocation gave to Kierkegaard rare moments of amiability. There are the grimly ambiguous carrels to Bishop Myrnes and to the Bishop of Copenhagen, the notices from an eccentric but loving uncle. And the correspondence makes graphic a rather enigmatic, little discussed point: the fact that Kierkegaard's intimate amanuensis was his mortal journalistic foe were Jews.

But it is, no doubt, the tremendous letters to Regine Olsen Schlegel of the autumn of 1849, all of which except one have come down to us in draft form, which dominate the collection. Not only do they mark the terror of the broken engagement, but the new, eight years later, and subject

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 Published January 1975

**Harvard University Press**  
 126 Buckminster House

in her husband's mediation, Kierkegaard strove to communicate to her the beloved the necessary meaning and consequence of this cruel abandonment. "Now, however, tranquillity surrounds you, so, with reverence for God, weigh everything carefully," he writes in this letter.

In this life she belongs to you, in history she will stand by my side; in eternity it cannot distress you that she also loves me, who already on the day I became engaged to her was ancient and venerable. I shall love her as I ought to have realized beforehand, and as I now realize all too superbly well, now that the matter has long ago aged me another couple of thousand years.

One place in the world is credible in its lofty clairvoyance: "And besides, what more can a girl ask? You make her happy in this life—I shall see to her immortality."

The other volume to have appeared (XIV in the series) contains *Two Ages*, Kierkegaard's long review-essay on the novel of the same title published anonymously in 1846 in *Observations* (Copenhagen: Gyldenborg-Christensens). For the modern reader, it is Part Three of

# WARD C

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This is the first comprehensive critical survey of the most significant writing in the United States from the end of World War II to the end of the 1970s. In original essays, ten eminent critics describe and assess the work of American novelists, playwrights, and poets, and analyze the intellectual and critical environment in which they worked.

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 Published January 1980, £11.00

The Belknap Press of  
**Harvard University Press**  
126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD







# Finnegan Italian style

By P. N. Furbank

JAMES JOYCE:  
Scrittura Italiana  
Edited by Gianfranco Corsini and  
Giorgio Melchiorri  
253pp. Milan: Mondadori. L.8,000.

Joyce, as is well known, talked Italian, or rather Triestine, in his home circles, and during his early journalism as he did during his life was mainly in the Italian tongue. Of this Italian writing pretty well all has by now been published in English translation. The main texts were included in *Mason and Elmhurst's* *Complete Works of James Joyce*, and the two "Tomi di Padova" (of which, to be exact, only one was in Italian) were published by Louis Berrone in *James Joyce in Padua* (1977). The present volume prints the original Italian text of these pieces and depends greatly (and justifiably) on the scholarship of those earlier English-language editions, and thus there is no particular reason to review it here. It does, however, contain one further item of the greatest interest, and that is Joyce's own Italian version of two passages from "Anna Livia Plurabelle".

The history of this is curious. Eight years before, a French version of the same passages had been made under Joyce's supervision by a committee of his friends (among them Samuel Beckett). Now in the winter of 1938 he proposed to an Italian friend Nino Frank that, with Frank's help, he should compose his own Italian version. Frank has described in his *Memoire brisée* (1967) how they would sit through the afternoon in Joyce's darkening room launching words and phrases at each other in a sort of "slow tennis". The work took three months, and Joyce was elated with the result and got Frank to read it about twice on his birthday in February, 1939. Then, a certain Ettore Sottsass, an acquaintance of Frank's, appeared on the scene, expressing enthusiasm for the version but suggesting some improvements. He took a copy off to Italy, where he published it in the Roman periodical *Prosperando* under the signature "James Joyce, Ettore Sottsass". (Sottsass wrote to Joyce saying that Frank, who was a noted anti-fascist, would "instantly" understand why his name had been omitted.) Sottsass's

improvements were dubious and at certain points entailed bowdlerization. And when the scholar Jacques Risset republished his version in *Tel Quel* in 1973, Nino Frank got in touch with her, related the history of the translation and lent her the original Joyce-Frank text. It is this French-Italian text which is published in *Scrittura Italiana*.

It is certainly a prize, and also to some degree a puzzle, the puzzle being how to classify it. The first thought that floats into one's mind is, if *Finnegans Wake* is written in a "universal language", as is sometimes said, what could it mean to "translate" it? What would you be translating it into? Well, what this brings home to us is that *Finnegans Wake* is not written in a universal language, it is written in English, very peculiar a version of English though it be. And this is emphasized by Jacques Risset in her masterly introduction—whereas the French translators retained the polyglot borrowings (the Danish and the Russian and Chocotaw), Joyce, when he came to do his own "translation", abandoned polyglotism, creating his effects only within the Italian language. When one thinks about it, this seems a natural decision. Joyce talked Italian almost like a native, so that it was quite possible for him to create in Italian. Nevertheless, there were inevitable restrictions. He could not, in Italian, have that same inward sense which he had in English for evocative and comic relationships between alien words and his "home" tongue. He had to create by a deliberate artistic decision (so I assume) to retain this whole polyglot aspect of his *Finnegans Wake* style. And this set him free to produce, not a translation, but a version with quite as much authority as any of the many previous rewritings of "Anna Livia Plurabelle"—an authentic addition to his "Work in Progress".

The language of the *Finnegans Wake* hitherto known to us was English with an Irish rhythm, and the language of this Italian addition is Italian with an Irish rhythm. Risset argues that the "pluralism" of dialects and the range between its dialects and classical Tuscan gave Joyce almost as much freedom of manoeuvre as polyglotism; but she at once retreats, saying that Joyce does not actually make all that much use of dialect (Triestine or other) but rather may be said to handle it in a way similar to that of dialect-users (i.e. he invents his own dialect). And she proceeds from this to her final point that Joyce's

approach to Italian is in a way similar to (and certainly draws upon) that of Dante. But when the writer before the relations of "language" and "dialect" have been regularized, wants to create a "national" Italian; Joyce, by "deforming" national Italian, strives to undo it; but both are acting in the cause of a "true" language. Dante, she says, was indispensable to Joyce's whole achievement; the only formula by which *Finnegans Wake* could be translated, and its great "flood" extended, was "Joyce translator of Joyce under the sign of Dante". And in asserting Dante's influence on Joyce she is on strong ground. Sottsass has related how, when Joyce read him some sentences from the Italian version of "Anna", he exclaimed: "I surrender, Maestro; I cannot follow you there!" upon which Joyce smiled and took down his Dante from the shelf, pointing to the famous polyglot line "Pape Satan Pape Satan alleppe".

I am more convinced by Risset's Dante argument than by her general one about the "pluralism" of Italian. But this leads me to a more essential question—whom was this Italian version addressed to, Italians or non-Italians? Or if that is an illegitimate question, then: who is going to get more out of it, or what does an Italian get out of it at all? Certain features suggest that the version was mainly addressed to non-Italians. "And it steeping and stuping since this time last week," which becomes "Bagnio di qua, bagnio di là, otto giorni di bucato", is an easy translation for the non-Italian reader: "So ben lo cosa quel macchiavolo. L'otto balordo!" for "I know by heart the places that like to sash, daddurdu devil!" for we all know *The Barber of Seville* and have heard of Macchiaiello. And "una cavaletta del maestro Pulcin" is easier for us than "a dally bit of old Jo Robidson". My guess may be wrong, but at any rate there is an issue, or set of issues, of some importance here. And it seems to me a serious criticism of the present volume that it throws no light on the matter. Everything is admirable about Risset's introduction except the fact that she is (presumably) French and therefore cannot tell us how Joyce's version sounds to an Italian. And, madamingly, introduction, is quite right (he surrenders) on this crucial point that Joyce's enterprise as self-translator is "a testimony to the richness of his Triestine experience in the years 1907-12".

Max Beerbohm's "Oxford, 1891. Mr. Walter Pater taking his walk through the Meadows" (1926), one of the items in Phillips's sale of Impressionist and Modern Pictures and Sculptures on January 28. Two other Beerbohm's are in the sale, which includes works by Augustus John (one of them *The Red Bandana*), John Singer Sargent, Harold Gilman, Duncan Grant and other artists.



## Modernism on the hoardings

By Celina Fox

MARK HAWORTH-BOOTH:  
E. McKnight Kauffer: a Designer  
and his Public  
156pp. 120 illustrations. Gollodt  
£2.50. 0 8592 034 8

"Impossible ducks, futuristic trees, vermilion grass and suchlike absurdities" could appeal, thought the advertising manager of Pear's Soap in 1922, only to the "higher imagination". Whether he was right or not is the question posed, but never entirely answered, by Mark Haworth-Booth's biography of E. McKnight Kauffer, a designer of international fame (1891-1951). Whatever views of his characteristically optimistic Underground posters the general public might have had, Kauffer, who unfortunately never recorded, nor could they have had any notion of the ideals that Kauffer sought to express in his design career.

Kauffer believed that his role was that of an interpreter, serving, cooperating, and communicating with the public rather than exploiting them. A founder in 1907 SCAPA (Society for Creative Art and Public Advertising), Kauffer, through legislation preventing the disfigurement of beauty and pleasure spots: Kipling had compared the hoardings along the London and South Western Railway to "a vast Army and Navy Stores list in a"

nightmare. The hyperbolic messages embellished with florid typefaces and colourful artists' impressions were gradually being replaced with the bold, simple contrasts of designs inspired by the Beggars Staff Brothers.

Kauffer took modernism several stages further. He thought of himself as a designer for a fast-moving public, using symbols derived from new inventions. The aeroplane he said could convey the notion of speed, travel, an engine of war and terror, as well as an aspiration on the part of man to be a bird. It almost describes one of his own finest designs, "Flight", used by the Daily Herald for a poster campaign in 1938 and for the cover of this book. It was as the author points out, a homage to Vorticism, influenced by Wadsworth's translations of Kandinsky and Roger Fry's writings, he believed in the subliminal impact of non-representational and geometrical pattern, design, colour, mass and form, on the average man or woman, if handled by a sensitive designer. The mind responded, he thought, to symbols which expressed a sense of order and this was the basic concern of good design.

In designing posters Kauffer was brilliant, but not art for the first time before a wide public. Roger Fry saw the poster as a way in which commerce could do something for art, pointing out that it was cheaper to produce—a print-run of 1500 Underground posters cost £25—than to produce a painting which he obviously felt was a lost creative cause. Furthermore, the poster was a new medium with out precedents about the kind of thing it ought to be to hamper

a designer's expression. When discussing Kauffer's use of Cubism and Surrealism, Anthony Blunt advanced the view that the man in the street was caught off his guard and lured into liking the poster work he realised. It was just the bition of E. McKnight Kauffer's something for modern art, the public as well as doing something for the public with modern art.

There was also a deeper social concern in Kauffer's work. In 1919 he spoke of the hoardings from which the masses gather ideas for their many things that directly influence their lives. Hoardings should, he believed, not only be amusing, interesting but vitally important. In 1938 he said that the role of the artist in advertising was to establish new ones, to stimulate advertising and help to make it worthy of the civilization that it fulfilled through the imagination of several of his patrons: Frank Pick of London Transport, his first major client, Stephen Tallents at the Empire Marketing Board and then the Post Office, Peter Gregory of Land Humber and Jack Bond of Shell in the 1930s. The author describes the enlightened attitude of these men who did much to bridge the gulf between the masses and the modern world. His natural rewards of his artistic talent but, as Elliot once said, "the artist is not a man of the street, he is a man of the mind." Kauffer's work, as an artist and designer, was a reflection of his personality, which attracted the best sort of patron.

In explaining his partly biographical approach, Mr. Haworth-Booth points out that the current treatment of designers by art historians hitherto is symptomatic of their low status compared with "real" artists. There is nothing "low" about Kauffer's friends and their memories of him are unfavourably generous and yet tantalising. Kauffer, it appears, was a very nice, friendly, and unassuming man. Through the eyes of Harold Acton, Lord Clark and Lady Mosley he looks like an Oberst today: the passion for gadgetry, film and photography enmeshed in the tasteful beige and aluminium, of a fastidiously modern flat. Only in the last letters to his friends from his exile in America do we get any impression of his deeper feelings and Elliot's final remarks about the void within are left for us to ponder on.

Mr. Haworth-Booth's book is imaginatively conceived and meticulously executed. It includes a checklist of Kauffer's published works, a list of his exhibitions, and a bibliography of his work. It is a book that should be read by all who are interested in the history of design, and in particular in the work of E. McKnight Kauffer. It is a book that should be read by all who are interested in the history of design, and in particular in the work of E. McKnight Kauffer.

sion of strong diagonals, bold lettering and marvellous colour, with a certain craft charm especially in his earlier period. Haworth-Booth comes to the conclusion that Kauffer's early technical and his refusal to conform to classical lettering rules. But in an age of deprofessionalized photography and Letteraset, perfection such idiosyncrasies are to be welcomed. Compared with the more cynically exploitative advertising world of today, Kauffer's work seems to stand for an integrity of artistic and social content, even a sort of innocence and optimism about the advances in the science and technology he symbolized. But his efforts were after all only the beginning of the goods and occasionally even his belief in both the product and the market faltered. The "masses", "general public", "ordinary man" were frequently invoked by inter-war manifestoes—were one of the reasons cited by Kauffer's rivals for his art teaching in schools, byways in multiple shops and the manufacturers, for the characterlessness of industrial design in England. It is no tribute to his work that the same could be said fifty years on.

The well-known architectural photographer, A. F. Kerec, provides some strikingly detailed views of both the interiors and exteriors of Oxford colleges in *The Buildings of Oxford* (1949). Batsford, £10.0. The book is a masterpiece of photography and text. It is a book that should be read by all who are interested in the history of design, and in particular in the work of E. McKnight Kauffer.

That we dream is a commonplace, but a commonplace of a sort the trained mind views with a certain alarm. Dreaming is seen as philosophically untidy; and, more than that, as posing a problem to do with evidence. How can Smith know what Jones dreams? What evidence, in principle, can Jones adduce to support his claim that he dreamt last night that he was swimming in this air?

It has dawned on me only slowly that this particular anxiety about dreams and evidence is specious. Dreams are just one of a whole array of experiences that we make reports about, and that lie beyond the power of the impartial observer to observe. We accept without a qualm other people's accounts of what they do while they are on their own; what they do in public where there are witnesses we cannot not trace; what they think; and what they think other people think. We accept that Smith prays each day while sitting on the lavatory and sometimes travels by train without paying his fare; that Jones envies Smith; that Smith thinks Mrs Jones would fancy him were she not so socially inept; that Jones prays of everyday intelligence like these, we experience no special worries about corroboration; as and when it is available, we simply take it into account.

Dreams are awkward, certainly. We forget them so easily. Also, like people's holiday snaps, they are excruciatingly boring to those who share the experience as one remove. On the other hand, they are much like reveries and fantasies, and easier to describe than, say, the experience of being in love—which, as Roland Barthes points out in *A Lover's Discourse*, locks us into an image-repertoire that is completely closed.

This conventional anxiety about dreams is a superstition, then; one that stems, I strongly suspect, from the fact that in three respects at least dreams resemble schizophrenic thought-disorder: they are involuntary, they are fragmented, and they violate common sense. Intellectual superlatives do not spring up in a vacuum, however; we foster them for good reason, it being a prime function of a bogus problem to hide a real one. In this case, the real difficulty is one about narrative: our compulsion to tell a good story, and to demand of others that they tell us good stories if we are to believe them. The problem is exemplified neatly, I think, in certain experiments on sleep and dream recall.

Let me sketch in the details of the research itself. Each night, we normally pass four or five times through a phase of sleep known as rapid eye movement, or REM sleep. During this phase, our eyes flicker interminably, our brainwaves resemble those of someone awake, and our muscle tone is exceptionally low. It has been known for some time that if we wake someone while they are in REM sleep, they will usually tell us a dream. As a result, REM sleep has come to correlate of a psychological state; the operational definition that, dream is taking place. (Actually, dreams seem to crop up all night through, in REM sleep and out; but this does not upset the point being made—that dreams occur, predictably and abundantly, during the REM phase.)

Such research is technically sophisticated, and permits a number of refinements. One of these is the fact that the movement of the eyes during REM sleep is intermittent. If you wake someone while his eyes are actually flickering, he reports dreams that sound like irruptions into consciousness of images that are arbitrary, disconnected. Inasmuch as they make sense, they sound like jumbled, compacted metaphors; snatches of private poetry. If, on the other hand, you awaken someone during one of the brief pauses between bouts of eye movement, the dream reports will have a different character altogether: that of a story. The one sort of dream is known technically as "primary visual experience", the other as "secondary cognitive elaboration".

While asleep, then, we experience arbitrary images, and we also tell ourselves stories. The likelihood of the first, embedding images that we perceive as bizarre in a fabric that seems to us more reasonable. If I confront myself, while asleep, with the image of a crocodile on the roof of a German schloss, and then, while still fast asleep, create for myself some plausible account of how this implausible event has occurred, I am engaged in the manoeuvre of rationalization—that of rendering sensible-seeming something that is not sensible in the least. In the course of this manoeuvre, the character of the original image is falsified. I have digested it.

Some of us, it seems, are much better than others at recalling our primary visual experience; we find it easier to penetrate the screen that our story-telling powers create. (The evidence suggests, too, that those who are sternly rational while awake have a greater need than others to dream. They pass more quickly into REM sleep. On the other hand, it is they who find their primary visual experience difficult to recall.) However, the propensity to tell ourselves stories while asleep is universal. The one, reflex-like part of our thinking, the thinking we do without thinking about it, consists in the translation of our experience to narrative, irrespective of whether our experience fits the narrative form or not.

My point is that we make this translation automatically. It is not one of those skills our culture has drilled into us, and which we let slip as our vigilance relaxes. Asleep

and awake it is just the same: we tell ourselves stories all the time. This seems to me an interesting discovery in its own right, but one that reminds us of an awkwardness we normally repress; namely, our tendency, in all walks of our waking lives, to tell sadder stories than the evidence warrants. We know, as a cardinal item of worldly wisdom, that if we want to be heard, we must polish the tale we tell; spruce it up until it has a certain elegance and vigour. Sometimes we find ourselves forced to talk in "line"; but more often we are simplifying in order to be understood. We also discover, if at all politically experienced, that stories can sometimes float quite free from the realities they are supposed to embrace. They turn into policies: verbal instruments. Neither true nor false, they are "sound" inasmuch as they create space, enabling those who wield them to complete one stride and initiate the next.

Novelists, film-makers and playwrights, in their capacity as storytellers, seek to be treated with the conventions of narrative almost by definition. In fact, they face a special bind, because they know that audiences will without a storyline to sustain them, yet plot and subplot, suspense and denouement, may be completely at odds with what they want to say.

Perhaps for this reason, they are keenly alert to the terms of their own incarceration. Within ill-defined limits they are free to experiment; and they are certainly free, as part of their professionalism, to create the various devices of narrative as instruments of their dramatic purpose, rather than as the unexamined medium in which all exchange occurs. The policy of experimentation—of using the novel as the "laboratory of narrative"—any guided to be treated with the conventions of narrative almost by definition. In fact, they face a special bind, because they know that audiences will without a storyline to sustain them, yet plot and subplot, suspense and denouement, may be completely at odds with what they want to say.

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## La Vida Es Sueño

I dreamed that the sun rose in the east one morning,  
Spilling light like mercury over the mountain edge  
Till it hurt my eyes. Daylight was filling  
The air with glitter where it struck on rock.

I dreamed the poppies were cut out of tissue paper,  
The elders spread their white hands, palm upward,  
Along the roads. The expensive roses  
Displayed their petticoats to passers-by.

In my dream world the irrepressible ash  
Turned up its twigs, the beech was drenched in green,  
The air under the decrepit yew grew dark,  
Offering a chilly welcome to the thoughtless.

The peonies were bursting, and crimson: the young lovers  
Looked at each other; I watched, deceiving myself,  
The light stood still on the leaves; it was high summer  
With petals falling. I felt it would last for ever

Till I awoke to darkness and the smell of earth  
And the long reality of non-being.

Laurence Lerner

## viewpoint

LIAM HUDSON

The scientist knows, in other words, that, sooner or later, his discipline will separate wheat and chaff on his behalf. It follows that he can treat any excess of narrative energy as symptomatic of his discipline's rude epistemological health: evidence that although fallible human means are being used, its criteria will prove in the end frostily impersonal.

For sociologist, historian, philosopher and psychologist, though, there is no machinery of inexorable accumulation. Wheat can lie buried under chaff till kingdom come if we let it. For us, any confusion between story and subject-matter is disastrous: it amounts to a confusion between the plausible and the true. A theory of dreaming—such things should scarcely need saying—occurs a different plane from the dream itself, purports to explain it. Eventually, we fondly imagine, fact and theory will grow to fit one another comfortably, like body and clothes. A lovely vision—but, to begin with, everything is in question: not just the "fit" between fact and theory, but the explanation of the facts themselves. If there were a common stock of evidence against which to test rival stories, life would be difficult enough; but, time and again, we discover that the evidence to which we can sensibly appeal varies from story to story. The result, rather than a convergence of progressively more exact "readings", is cacophony.

Some have made the case for brazening out this aspect of our shame; for accepting our cacophony of stories as the best we can do, for plucking the crucial distinction not between stories and "reality" but between stories told by professionals and stories told by amateurs: those told in books and those told in pubs. Most of us still cling stubbornly to the belief, though, that some stories are better than others, and for reasons that lie beyond elegance or dramaturgy. Consequently, we go on making our intermittent forays, looking to see what our fellow mortals are like, looking for something that will take us by surprise.

Nor are we entirely alone. Equally intermittently, writers make forays, too. They do so in the hope that, for once, they can avoid stock characters and time-worn ploys; the sense of a medium endlessly chewing its cud. Our problems, in being as true.

Uninterrupted, it regularizes whatever it touches, and creates around us the intellectual equivalent of a bureaucracy; a body of thought, eventually set out in textbooks and embodied in curricula, from which all sources of surprise are excluded. The peril, it inhibits any attempt we might make to grasp universals of meaning other than our own: another culture (the Japanese, say), another era (the Victorians), another academic discipline, another person (a woman, if we happen to be male), a detached segment of our own biographies (no marriage, perhaps from the vantage point of another).

Undermining the mind's bureaucracy is one thing, of course; building anew is another. (And the struggle to prevent well-wishers from creating a new bureaucracy once building has begun is yet a third.) The status of the subversive notion, as we were taught to say is that of a necessary but insufficient condition. Without it nothing; with it, in all probability, little more.

The dream is important to us, none the less, as a cautionary instance. As both Freud and Einstein realized, like many others before and since, there is a sense in which the dream is inherently subversive. It is one of the few means we possess of addressing ideas to ourselves that we do not want to hear. Formally, too, it threatens the arrangements of time, space and identity on which common sense depends. On the other hand, the discovery of story-telling within the dream itself, and of a tension there between primary visual experience and secondary cognitive elaboration, suggests that the dream is an altogether more ominous symbol, inasmuch as those secondary cognitive elaborations hold away the dream stands for all those occasions on which the unwelcome or disconcerting stares us in the face and we tell ourselves, after a moment's unease, that the familiar elements of our plot need not be disturbed.

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## remainders

By Eric Korn

Eric Korn is a book dealer in London. This is the first of a series of occasional columns which he will be writing for the TLS.

A bracing pre-Christmas trip to Toronto, the city where they shut down secondhand bookshops, the city where everything works, of course Torontonians do not think so; they think, like everybody else, that it is the end of civilization as we know it, and they tell you, "by cross with foreigners tell them they are well off."

But they have problems, and one is discussed by the Vancouver novelist Keith Maillard ("Writing for the Yankee Dollar," *Books in Canada*, December 1979). Canadian publishing houses—specifically McClelland and Stewart—have given up publishing "uncommercial" Canadian novels—specifically those of Keith Maillard and his friends, who have a decent track record and the right to complain—because they fail to conform to "the received style from NYC, the style that has dominated fiction in the US since the late '60s, American Smartness."

Maillard traces the style back to the posturing stoicism of *The Sun Also Rises*: forward to Didion, Rossen, Garp. The style "comes in two major modes, the naturalistic and the satiric. In the naturalistic mode, the style is laconic and filled with gritty details as a police report. . . . the satiric mode works by exaggeration. . . . But in whichever mode, American Smartness is a deadpan, flat, style; aware, ironic, cynical, with bleak jokes shared between the writer and the reader at the expense of the characters."

Maillard ends with the traditional denunciation of the "colonial" mentality that seeks to compete with America by becoming as American as possible; he also, if I can believe my notes, praises something for having "the salt air of the Maritimes blowing through every page." He set me musing on the local equivalent, which might be called British Cleverness, or rather English Cleverness, for the Celts have different vices altogether and the Lowland Scots have Doric Canynburds, a style with a handful of distinctive representatives, from the Patrick Shepherd to the Big Yin.

There is no need to give examples since almost everyone has written like that since James, or possibly Sterne, or possibly Langland, who set the great tradition in motion by falling asleep in line ten and chewing the fat in line eleven through closed or half-closed eyes. Except for a few passionate, engaged, humourous writers like Caudmon and Herbert and Robert Tressall, ironic detachment has been as essential as pen and ink. And the ability to laugh at oneself includes, of course, the ability to laugh indulgently at one's over-developed ability to laugh at oneself and one's faults instead of doing anything about them.

I could set out to persuade you that our national passion for Lewis Carroll was a kind of intellectual suicide, and you would readily agree with me. (I would readily agree with me. Lewis Carroll would readily agree with me.) And this is why it is often so depressing to return to England, so exhilarating to return to North America. Not obviously, that they don't have problems over there; but they don't always have the same problem, with the same voices formulating the same diagnoses. While others progress, often from disaster

to disaster, we wittily map the contours of our slough (or Slough).

But you are going to have to keep your ironic tolerance, or else give up reading newspapers, or else do something. I can just about cope with the news that the master of an ecological argosy, off on an anti-whaling trip, has caused a sizeable oil slick by scuttling his ship in a fit of pique. But how do you deal with the story that food shipments to Kampuchea have been suspended because the airports and harbours are closed to celebrate the Victory of the Revolution?

It's always a pleasure and a privilege to get a Quested catalogue (number 1004, English Books Before 1701), even if the wistful joys of I wouldn't mind one of those for outbourn the gleeful triumphs of I've got one of those too and look what they're asking (even if mine is a later edition lacking all the important errata leaf and bound in a magnificent contemporary levant morocco inlaid with a portrait of Thomas J. Wise).

The bibliographic notes actually add to the sum of knowledge, or argue with authority ("one might counter that Armin is known to have composed at least one play, and such claim can be made for Robert Armin") where lesser dealers simply produce rapid vapid for well-known books. *Printing and the Mind of Man*, the catalogue of an estimable exhibition held in 1963, has become Scripture, quoted to persuade a reluctant millionaire that Newton's *Principia* is quite an important book. One of the silliest notes I ever saw (in the catalogue of a most eminent dealer) was appended to a 1759 *Candida*, baldly described as a first edition. Instead of the usual "Voltaire's early authorities who have written on the vexed subject of the many 1759 editions, none of which has an undisputed claim to be the first, they printed an extract from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, to the general effect that Voltaire's copy is a good and important writer and a specially dab hand at the satirical stuff."

Not so Quaritch's catalogue, who produces admirable sonnetries ("rare it is, if not quite so dramatically rare as we proclaimed it in 1968"), where the definitive squelch on the composition (the *Pentecost* copy is extant but, although described as perfect at a recent Swiss auction, actually lacks the first 36 pages, which is why we returned it after the Britwell sale in 1920).

All the more satisfying to the mean-minded, then, that someone in Golden Square has made a special slip-up. Instead of a copy slip (copies without it are worth much less), raises the price of item 148 from \$1,000 to \$10,000. (Quaritch have been pricing in dollars since a few years back, when it seemed a stable sort of thing to do). A simple typo, or a typo? Or did somebody look at the book, as booksellers will, and say "God it, they're not having that one?"

Anyway, all you lot who sent off telegrams and have been smugly expecting to pick up a sleeper are in for a disappointment.

The reason why there is no Table or Index added herewith, is, that every Page in this Work is so full of Signal Remarks, that were they couched in an Index, it would make a volume as big as the Book, and so make the Postern Gate to bear

no proportion with the Building. Christopher Eccleston, publisher, in John Howell's *Procedura Basilica*, Discourse concerning the Proceedings of Kings, 1664. Thanks to the innumerable of an anonymous donor, and the assistance of the National Art-Collections Fund, the above has been purchased for the proposed British Museum Apologia and Pretexts.

The Museum—which will have its nucleus the Una Bacha d'Harpur Bequest—will house history, evasions, excuses and exculpation: the rebuilt Whitehouse Art Gallery and the new Institute of Special Reading. Visitors will be able to inspect exhibits ranging from everyday "Not me, quire" and thought it was all open count around here" to "the wretched tempted me," "something seems to be wrong with our bloody ship today," and a working model of the Bingham Committee.

Since the Directors do not want to become a mere agglomeration of dusty museum-pieces, it has been proposed that some of the exhibits should be available to loan to public institutions or industry, so that they can continue to play a vital part in our country. The through the dynamic *Elvis* will also be an annual kirk Fellowship (for outcasts, sangfroid in the face of disaster) and funds will be assigned for the purchase of an important new Hummer, that come on to the market. Never again will the lot of our national heritage occurred last year when *Wilde's chef d'oeuvre* "we have been blown off course" was granted an export licence, and sold in America. It has since been sent to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, who tend to re-exact it at Houston, some suitable occasion.

Lost and found department. If three gentlemen who took my hold-all on the corner of West and Amsterdam are readers of the TLS, here is a message for you: do not begrudge Voltaire the *Voltaire* (with eyelashes extra) and the hologram of the Ring Saturn, very Hklike. Both the come from the Museum of Holmphy, which is one of the seminal seeds in the Big Apple. You can see (in the Big Apple) such New York heroes as Bela Abzug and Andy Warhol, perpetually repeating some characteristic gesture. They will even pare for you such a hologram, 120 integral, that will read real time to 15 seconds. You can perform any action you like, they are as long as it can be done in motion (like stealing holdalls, do I baguette your doll, Carter dancing peasant, Royal rulers from the Museum of Holmphy, or the working model of the Thing, the Hulk, or the Mary Shelley didn't give the name, and so on. If she couldn't offer one herself, she could have offered a small prize on the petition page of *The Quarterly Review*. I do not even know you the chocolate chip cookie, though they are of an unusual kind. These things are of great present, and only of great mental value. Keep them, your kids had a great time with them. But please, return with money, which is irreplaceable.

## Information please

opinions, whereabouts of letters or photographs, for a biography. Sally Green.  
179. Cundy Street, Walkley, Sheffield S6 2WP.

John Meade Falkner (1858-1932), novelist, and for some years, chairman of Armstrong-Whitworth and Co., correspondence, other papers, photographs and recollections of Falkner for a study of his life and work. Kenneth Warren, Jesus College, Oxford.

Robert Child (1850-1937), poet, novelist, and for some years, chairman of Armstrong-Whitworth and Co., correspondence, other papers, photographs and recollections of Child for a study of his life and work. Kenneth Warren, Jesus College, Oxford.

about paintings and drawings. Maoris in British and European art from the late eighteenth century to the early twentieth century. In British colonial public or private; especially the work by Nicholas Cheong, William Strutt and August Earle. Leonard Dr. (a) 28 Sudeley Place, Kensington, Brighton.

Jessie Laidlay Watson (1871-1937), poet, novelist, and for some years, chairman of Armstrong-Whitworth and Co., correspondence, other papers, photographs and recollections of Watson for a study of his life and work. Dr Janet Gray, Chesterfield NH 03449, UK.

## Hungarian Hexameters

Sir—D. M. Thomas (January 18) reaches the right conclusion about Miklós Radnóti's humane formality but may mislead with his complaint that in *Seventh Eclogue* "the metre adopted by the translators, the hexameter—with its Georgian overtones—distances us". A stricter English hexameter, a recasting of Clough or Longfellow or Coleridge or their teachers in the art of substituting long-soft metrical stress for long-short classical quantity, Klopstock or Goethe or Schiller, would have been a more distressing prospect for a poem from a 1944 labour camp. Radnóti's Hungarian hexameter differs from the German one simply in that it is quantitative in the same sense as Homer's and Virgil's. Hungarian long vowels and closed syllables take longer to say than short ones. The classical hexameter is not only the form but also a theme of *Seventh Eclogue*. D. M. Thomas notes the usefulness of reading the Spanish original alongside the translation of Cesar, and I agree. The poem, and here too much could be explained by quoting one of Radnóti's own lines: "Mondó, van-e ok haza még, ahol érik-e hexameter is?" To attempt quantitative hexameters in English would be to ignore the human of Sidney's failure, and one must make do with some such inexact rendering as: "Does my country still know what these hexameters stand for?"

N. HORTON SMITH,  
38 Salisbury Street, Beeston, Nottingham NG9 2EQ.

## Footnotes

Sir—Your correspondence on footnotes and endnotes (January 4 and 11) may seem to some a dispute between Big-endians and Little-endians, but the satisfactory disposition of scholarly credentials is indeed a matter of importance. A distinction should be made between the essential references to sources and discursive annotation. R. G. Collingwood, his British Academy obituarist reports, eschewed footnotes, which he considered to be "a material of imperfect digestion of the material." Collingwood's opinion could well be heeded by those who regard footnotes as an opportunity for parenthetical chatter, which would best be absorbed or even discarded.

References are usually essential, though even they can often be condensed or unobtrusively absorbed into the text without superfluous scholarship. There is no objection to their being placed at the end of the volume, provided they can be immediately related to the point in the main text. Professor Johnson's biography of Sir Walter Scott (1970) is

## to the editor

the worst offender I know, and regular readers are sometimes driven to construct their own concordance between text and notes. A number of recent biographies, among them Mervyn Secret's *Being Bernard Berenson*, give a list of page numbers and quotations unlocated on the page, followed by source information. Better than this, however, is a simple, economical, adaptable system that surely ought to command support from printers, publishers, authors and readers. Nicolas Barker's *Stanley Morrison* (1972) uses it with skill throughout to guide readers to a single list of notes and references; the list simply contains page number, single cue-word or phrase, and source. The annotatory information is accurately assigned to its relevant text; there is no fussing about seeking chapter, part, or sub-title; the text is unencumbered by ascript numeration; asterisks are there to guide the scholar to a physically convenient tabulation; late adjustments to the concluding apparatus are admissible even in a late stage of production without upsetting earlier numerical sequences. So convenient, inexpensive and rational a system gives scholars an opportunity of wearing in any way mindlessly, the weight, and without telling any academic passes.

TOBY FITTON,  
Pall Mall, London SW1.

Sir—In response to the letters from George Speaight (January 11) and Ivon Aquith (January 4), may I put forward the heretical view that the proper place for notes of reference is at the end of the book? I insisted on this for my first book, in 1958, over the enigmatised protests of my publishers. Discursive or supplementary notes, which in a well-planned book should be minimal, can be placed at the foot of the page and identified by asterisks, daggers, etc. But I certainly agree that the language of the endnotes should refer back to the pages in the text, and I blame authors entirely for the failure to do this. I imagine the cost is negligible; certainly no publisher in my experience has made the least demur. J. P. KENYON,  
Department of History, The University of Hull, Cottingham Road, Hull HU6 7RX.

## E. R. Curtius

Sir—In your issue of January 11 Ronald Carey, in his article "German Ives and the German Heine," writes: "As E. R. Curtius said in 1951" (followed by a quotation). For the record: Curtius died in April 1956.  
WILLIAM SHOTT,  
6 Rushton Crescent, Bournemouth BH3 7AF.

## Among this week's contributors

PAUL RAITHE's new novel *Old Soldier* will be published in February by Jonathan Cape.

RONALD RAYNER's most recent book is *The View in Winter*, 1979.

JOHN BOARDMAN is Lecturer in Professor of Classical Archaeology and Art at Oxford.

ANDREW BROWN is co-editor of *The United States Since the Fall of Khrushchev*, 1978.

STEWART CLARK's books include *Aristotle's Man: Speculations upon Antiquity*, 1975, and *The Moral Status of Animals*, 1977.

MAXWELL CHRISTIAN is the author of *The Art of Poetry*, 1978.

DAVID BRYAN's most recent collection of poems is *All My Little Ones*, 1979.

N. P. FURBER's books include *Italy 1565 and the Man and the Writer*, 1966, and *Italy 1565 and the Man and the Writer*, 1966.

LIAM HUDSON's books include *The Out of Face*, 1972, *Human Beings*, 1975, and a novel, *The Nympholept*, 1978.

Gwyn Jones's books include *The Norse Atlantic Saga*, 1964, and *A History of the Vikings*, 1968.

SILVIA KANTARIS's collection of poems *Time and Motion* was published in 1975.

OWEN LATTIMORE is Professor Emeritus of Chinese Studies at the University of Leeds.

DAVID MARTIN's books include *A Sociology of English Religion*, 1967, and *Tracts Against the Times*, 1973.

IAN MOSWELL is the author of the short-story collection *First Love*, 1978, and the novel *Sheela*, 1978, and the novel *The Cement Garden*, 1978.

MICHAEL MASON is Lecturer in English at University College London.

ROBERT NEDHAM's *Principals Characters* was published in 1978. He is Professor of Social Anthropology at Oxford.

Tony Parsons's books include *Light*, 1976. His book about a G.C. housing estate will be published, later this year.

JOHN PARRIS is Deputy Chairman of the Housing Commission and former Editor of *Kable* College.

## Ralph Vaughan Williams

Sir—From the second paragraph of Stuart Hampshire's review of Paul Levy's book *E. E. Moore and the Cambridge Apostles* (January 18), a reader might suppose that Ralph Vaughan Williams had been an Apostle. Though G. E. Moore, Ralph Wedgwood and others of his friends belonged to the society he never did, and I doubt if he was aware of their membership.

URSULA VAUGHAN WILLIAMS,  
69 Gloucester Crescent, London NW1 7EG.

## William Marshall and David Davies

Sir—I wonder if I can appeal to your readers for help? I am collecting material for studies of two late eighteenth-century writers—William Marshall (1745-1818) and David Davies (1742-1819). Marshall, a Yorkshireman by birth, was a prominent writer on agricultural matters and, from time to time, acted as land agent and adviser to a number of landowners. Davies, born in Wales, was Rector of Barkham in Berkshire and author of *The Case of Labourers in Husbandry Stated and Considered* (1785). A good deal of his early life was spent in Barbados, and he subsequently became tutor to the Powke children, nephews and niece of John Welsh, landowner of Warfield, Berkshire, and active in East India Company affairs. Later he was connected with the family of Viscount Cremorne of Chelsea Farm, before being presented to the Barkham living. His patron was a former Doctor MP, John Pitt.

should welcome information on either or both of these people. Any documents sent to me will be acknowledged, copied carefully and returned.

PAMELA HORN,  
Grey Roofs, 11 Harwell Road, Sutton Courtenay, Abingdon, Oxon.

## Britten and 'St Nicolas'

Sir—In abbreviating my letter (January 11) on Anthony Burgess and Britten's *St Nicolas*, you deleted its main message, in which I deplored Mr. Burgess's cliché-laden analysis (October 21), the pervasiveness of the work of the boys is central to Britten's dramatic oeuvre. Of Britten's sixteen major operatic works, I can think of two others in which young persons suffer "enormities": it may seem disproportionately few after the revelations of the Year of the Child. NORMAN SCARFE,  
Shingle Street, near Woodbridge, Suffolk IP12 3BE.

## Poetic initiatives

Efforts to raise money for the arts make such dismal reading on the whole—the response to poor the rewards so few—that it was gratifying recently to learn of a scheme which has had some measure of success. For much of the 1960s and 1970s, the Poetry Society has been the scene of furious in-fighting, with rival groups of poets competing for what little power and money the society has to offer. Not surprisingly, the institution has attracted a good deal of criticism and even ridicule. In the past few years, however, the society's executive committee has been substantially reformed, and in an attempt to regain both respectability and funds has come up with a number of interesting initiatives—notably that of a National Poetry Competition to be held each year. The first of these competitions, in 1978, was run jointly with BBC television and *The Sunday Times*, and attracted 11,000 entries and at a £1 entry fee per poem brought the society a nice little nest egg. The recently judged 1979 competition was even more successful: 27,000 entries, wide press coverage and a television programme about the competition, the society has been able to put considerable money in its purse, and for the first time in years looks to be in a healthy financial position.

The Poetry Society's initiative has not, however, been without its controversial aspects. Some critics have attacked the basic notion of the competition, believing that the large prizes encourage "mercenary" poets; others object to the elevation of "single poems": should not a larger body of work be the proper focus of attention? This year there has been a more specific ground for complaint: the award of first prize to a young Belfast poet, Medbh McGuckian. The quality of Ms McGuckian's poem, "The Flitting", is not at issue; on the contrary, the poem is generally agreed to be a fine one, and there has been suit-

prise that the three judges—Craig Raine, Brian Patten and Anne Stevenson—decided to withhold the £1,000 they could have given it, and award only £500 instead. The more important question, though, is how they managed to overlook the fact that the poem was longer than the competition allowed: a limit of thirty-two lines was stipulated, but "The Flitting" had thirty-five. One irate correspondent in the *Listener* complained of having wasted an afternoon pruning his poems to the required length, and petty though the rules may be, there does seem little point in having them if they are not enforced.

Despite these hiccups, the National Poetry Competition now seems set to become an annual institution. It has helped to double the membership of the Poetry Society; and the society should vision and *The Sunday Times*, and attracted 11,000 entries and at a £1 entry fee per poem brought the society a nice little nest egg. The recently judged 1979 competition was even more successful: 27,000 entries, wide press coverage and a television programme about the competition, the society has been able to put considerable money in its purse, and for the first time in years looks to be in a healthy financial position.

There is certainly to have been noted at the Arts Council, and should make the parent body think again about any drastic plans to disown or penalize its at one time unruly beneficiary. It is no secret that with Charles Osborne, the literature director of the Arts Council, and a literature panel which includes Melvyn Bragg, have had their doubts about the value of the Poetry Society, and have recently been considering plans either to evolve it or to reduce its Arts Council grant. The new interest in, and enterprise of, the Poetry Society should help dissuade them from taking any such step.

## Fifty years on . . .

In the TLS of January 23, 1930, T. S. Eliot reviewed R. C. Bald's edition of Thomas Middleton's *A Game at Chess*. Thomas Middleton is conspicuously an Elizabethan dramatist who has been slightly overrated by the critics. He never yet received his due. That is not altogether the fault of the critics. The work of Webster, for instance, even with the perplexingly inferior later plays, is comparatively easy to grasp as a whole; so is that of Ford or that of Tourneur. He was a poet who was fascinated by the dramatic element in the game; and we feel safe in assuming that the brilliant and ironic chess scene in *Women Beware Women* is by the same hand as the *A Game at Chess*. And that it was the interest in, and enterprise of, the Poetry Society should help dissuade them from taking any such step.

We should be very grateful to Mr. Bald for editing separately a text of this fine play, even though Mr. Bald is not interested primarily in either the poetry or the drama. Mr. Bald's purpose is first to exhibit a general method of textual criticism of Elizabethan plays, and secondly to make some interesting and plausible conjectures about the political background and allusions. The play has, perhaps, suffered as literature from its notoriety as a daring political satire of the day; nevertheless, the aspect is important. Mr. Bald turns up all the agreed interpretation of the political satire, and adds some intelligent guesses of his own. His introduction is the best introduction to the play from the point of view of the text. He gives full credit to the importance of the Spanish Ambassador Gondomar; and, in pages, a succinct description of that curious figure De Dominis, who is certainly the original of the Fat Bishop in the play. Most of the contributions to Mr. Bald's edition of *A Game at Chess* have, of course, been settled.

As for the literary and dramatic merit of the piece, that is still to be studied; but the literary critic and even the mere reader of Middleton may be grateful to Mr. Bald for having provided a critical text of one of Middleton's finest plays, a play which is unique even in the great variety of the Elizabethan and Jacobean stage.

Author. Author appears this week beneath the Contents on page 74.









of learning in a land plagued by illiteracy, themselves haunted by a history of persecution in a society that was strong in militancy and in racial pride.

Atlanta was, of course, devastated by the Civil War. Jews moved there in greater numbers after 1865, and by 1915 the Gate City of the New South had one of the largest Jewish communities in the South, along with those in New Orleans, Louisville and Dallas. Dr. Herzberg conveys especially well with the help of excellent maps—the patterns of residence and the characters of the various congregations; polyglot as Atlanta was itself, so were the Jews in it, for they were not just German and Russian, Orthodox and Reform, but included those driven out of the Balkans and Turkey and thus bringing the traditions of Rhodes and Crete, Palestine and Persia; their languages were not only those of Yiddish and Ladino, too. The Jews were among the pioneering entrepreneurs of the New South. But the prejudices against them did slowly; Jewish political candidates got little support; they were a burlesqued and largely a segregated race.

Sadly, in 1915, came the case of antisemitism of the Leo Frank case, in which a Jewish factory superintendent recently arrived from the North was convicted, on very suspect evidence, of the murder of a fourteen-year-old girl. The employee, when the death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, he was taken out and lynched. In modern-day Atlanta it is hard to see any evidence either of the Civil War (except at Stone Mountain), or of any such prejudice against anyone. At the centre of a metropolitan area of 1.5 million people, with the nation's second busiest and smoothest-run airport and very low unemployment rates, it is nowadays sophisticated and cosmopolitan. Ten years ago it had its first Jewish mayor, Sam Massell, Jr., and it has had by this time four Reform and one Conservative synagogue. Georgia's first Jewish Congressman, Elliot Levitas, an ex-Rhode scholar, was elected in 1974. It is hard to believe that so vast a transformation in the city and in its Jewish community has taken place in little more than a century. The story is admirably told here in a work of unusual quality and depth.

Of the many titles on American blacks and on Western history which have appeared in the past year or so, four are especially noteworthy. A. Philip Randolph died in 1967, aged ninety, and almost as if by design there appeared William A. Harris's *Keeping the Faith: A. Philip Randolph, Milton E. Webster and the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, 1825-1967*. This is a fully researched and carefully edited modern valuable series of monographs on blacks in the New World. It examines the struggle for recognition of one of the most interesting of American labour unions, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, and in doing so vividly evokes a world of yesterday, the world of George Pullman, who wanted to give travellers comfort on long-distance trains, and who hired blacks mainly from the South since he thought them not only cheap but also obediently servile; as particularly aptly he had no room for labour unions. The elite railway unions, however, were susceptible to tuberculosis. Dr. Servit is especially interesting in discussing the social character of the Pullman characterised by the Pullman brought from Africa and their progress, or occasionally their resistance, to disease. Crowded and

blacks but to other white workers in the Knights of Labour or the AFL; they were the key men in the nation's key industry.

The struggle for recognition of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters was thus rich in significance and in symbolism. A. Philip Randolph came to its leadership from outside, from editing the negro journal *The Messenger*, from street-corner oratory and activity in support of the most notorious of radical groups, the IWW. He was handsome, able and charismatic. Professor Harris's study is valuable, however, for also bringing into focus Randolph's lesser-known lieutenants and allies, such as Milton Webster, C. Dellums, Ashley Totten and Benjamin Smith. Randolph moved during the Roosevelt years into the leadership of the black workers as a whole and was a major political figure. Although in 1937 he had kept his promise of 1925 to "bring the company to its knees", the coming of air travel and of improved highways was about to undermine the railways themselves. The service and servility have gone but so have the railways. The record so carefully chronicled here has therefore a bitter irony to it. It is more important for its symbolism and as the story of a gallant struggle for decent working conditions than for anything else.

Todd L. Savitt states in the preface to *His Medicine and Slavery: The Diseases and Health Care of Blacks in Antebellum Virginia* that his wife, in helping him with the book, "developed every disease mentioned" as she read the descriptions of the symptoms. She might well have done so for this is a most clinically realistic and realistic, providing medical details and illustrations which leave little to the imagination. It is the work of a historian who has come to his research after some years in medical school. He offers us a picture of what might have been the other side of the hill from Mr. Jefferson's Monticello, a picture of the unhygienic and insanitary world in which most of the slaves (and indeed most whites) lived. His research indicates that there were as elsewhere Jefferson was ahead of his time.

Thomas Jefferson, whose home near Charlottesville displays many of his applications of practical science, had a receptacle several feet below the commodore seat in his bedroom which when full was pulled (by rope) fifty yards through a tunnel to be emptied under the East Front of Monticello. No information regarding the slave quarters at Monticello is available. Slaves lived in quarters with little or no ventilation. Conditions in the quarters were primitive; every known disease existed, and was passed on easily. "It is safe to say that at least half (probably more) of Virginia's black population died of disease during their lifetimes." The book is in part a very sparse catalogue of malaria and typhus, syphilis and yaws, tuberculosis and respiratory diseases, typhoid fever, the continued fever and ague, not to mention the epidemic "vibrations" of smallpox, cholera and yellow fever. To the last blacks were more resistant than whites. They were, however, very susceptible to tuberculosis. Dr. Savitt is especially interesting in discussing the social character of the Pullman characterised by the Pullman brought from Africa and their progress, or occasionally their resistance, to disease. Crowded and

ditions, dirt floors, poor food (little more than hog and hoe-cake) made things worse. The author has focused on Virginia in the belief that health conditions in the Old Dominion were typical of those prevailing in the antebellum South. In all details of symptoms and sores and cadavers, this is a meticulously researched analysis of medical and health conditions and a valuable account of the relationship between black health and white society. It is fresh and objective, and represents a major contribution to the understanding of the pre-Civil War South and its peculiar institution.

It is a reflection of the scholarship now being devoted to the trans-Mississippi West that two Western studies I have chosen all but one third of their length to their research notes and historical apparatus. John D. Urrut has put his study firmly in a historiographical context; John Mack Faragher, in his *Women and Men on the Overland Trail*, admits that as a student of Howard Lamar at Yale he was primarily interested in the kind of historical materials the emigrants left, rather than in the experience itself. From this material—diaries and memoirs, songs and anecdotes—he develops an original view of the overland trail as a family experience, as his title suggests; or as Mary Elizabeth Werner, an emigrant of 1853, put it, "They talk about the time this tried men's souls but this was the time (that tried) both men and women's souls." For the women it was a hard and grueling time—collecting buffalo dung for fuel, washing clothes and bedding, feeding and nursing children at a trail whose destination they could never be sure of, and threatened by enemies at every bend in the track. The strength of the book is in its texture, the cost of wagons, food and clothing, even speech habits, sexual relations and courting practices—At all seems remarkably formal, given the facts of frontier life.

The same qualities of depth and style are found in Urrut's *The Plains Across: the Overland Emigrants and the Trans-Mississippi West, 1840-60*. This is a more

"Turning the Economy Around" with President Ford (1975) and the page "California Syndrome" (1979): two of the Paul Conrad's reprints in *Pro and Conrad* (1966). Neff-Kane Publications, Box 3515, San Rafael, California 94902. \$18.95. Conrad's heady drawings comment robustly on American and world issues since the 1960s, particularly the presidency, Vietnam and the energy crisis. He also does caricatures in bronze, and the final section is devoted to graphs of his statuesque, including one of Sadat as an inscrutable figure and a particularly animated 11th figure of a grinning Gerald R. Ford landing upside-down on his face.

Yet many topics are common to the books here reviewed, even though they span over a century and a half: the migrant (rural or urban), ethnicity, the ghetto, the family, religion, the moon. One senses throughout a growing doubt that urban growth has proved difficult to reconcile with the large number of separate studies, each depicting seemingly unique experiences, is a finding one. Given the multitude of obvious exceptions, can anything be said by way of generalization? Is it not merely platitudinous?

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## A Night and a Morning

Passing the cathedral spire  
I see two clock-faces,  
one bright, one blank.  
How many bricks, I wonder,  
used-up muscles, time,  
kept like a cold monument.

The library walls are black.  
Light from a hurrying half-moon  
glins on them like sequins.  
How many books, I wonder,  
used-up voices, pages,  
unreadable in the dark.

Almost asleep I turn and see  
through a thin drawn curtain  
the height and depth of the hillside.  
They're like a dense constellation  
less than a hundred years old.

Almost awake again, I think  
the white spring light is snow  
on roofs and streets. It's not, I try  
to focus on an unfamiliar day,  
at the dead eyes at my back  
browning to watch the new one.

Robin Fulton

## 2: The American city

By Jim Potter

KATHLEEN NEILS CONZEN: *Immigrant Milwaukee, 1836-1860: Accommodation and Community in a Frontier City*. 300pp. Harvard University Press. £11.25.

VIRGINIA YANS-MCLAUGHLIN: *Family and Community: Italian Immigrants in Buffalo, 1880-1930*. 286pp. Cornell University Press. £9.35.

PAUL BOYER: *Urban Masses and Moral Order in America, 1620-1920*. 387pp. Harvard University Press. £12.55.

RICHARD W. FOX: *So Far Disordered in Mind: A Dilemma of Youth Unemployment*. 114pp. The Johns Hopkins University Press. £6.25.

SANDRA S. SIZER: *Gospel Hymns and Social Religion: The Rhetoric of Nineteenth-Century Revivalism*. 222pp. Temple University Press. \$15.

SALME HARU STEINBERG: *Reformer in the Marketplace: Edward W. Bok and 'The Ladies' Home Journal'*. 193pp. Louisiana State University Press. \$12.95.

GARY L. MANGUM and STEPHEN F. SINGER: *Coming of Age in the Ghetto: A Dilemma of Youth Unemployment*. 114pp. The Johns Hopkins University Press. £6.25.

MARK BALDASSARE: *Residential Crowding in Urban America*. 250pp. University of California Press. £9.

RICHARD P. COLEMAN and LEE RAIN: *Water with Kent A. McClelland: Social Standing in America: New Dimensions of Class*. 353pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £8.95.

building work. Those who migrated were judged by contemporaries to be the most "frugal, thrifty and energetic," and they came from the higher and middle echelons of the agricultural work-force.

Between 1880 and 1910 Buffalo's population more than doubled and in the latter years three quarters were immigrants or their children; about 10 per cent of these were of Italian stock. The Italians typically found employment as general labourers in outdoor jobs similar to their former agricultural work, in construction, docks and the railroads, as excavators, hod carriers, bricklayers, street cleaners, garbage collectors. Often their work was seasonal and, just as in Italy, they suffered from underemployment. And, to quote the author, "they dealt with it just as they had as peasants in Italy", by going further afield as a floating labour force all over the surrounding region. There was little problem of adjustment to such outdoor work, and few Italians entered Buffalo's expanding industries. In 1905 two thirds were classified as "labourers", with "small retail shop-owners" as the only other group of significance.

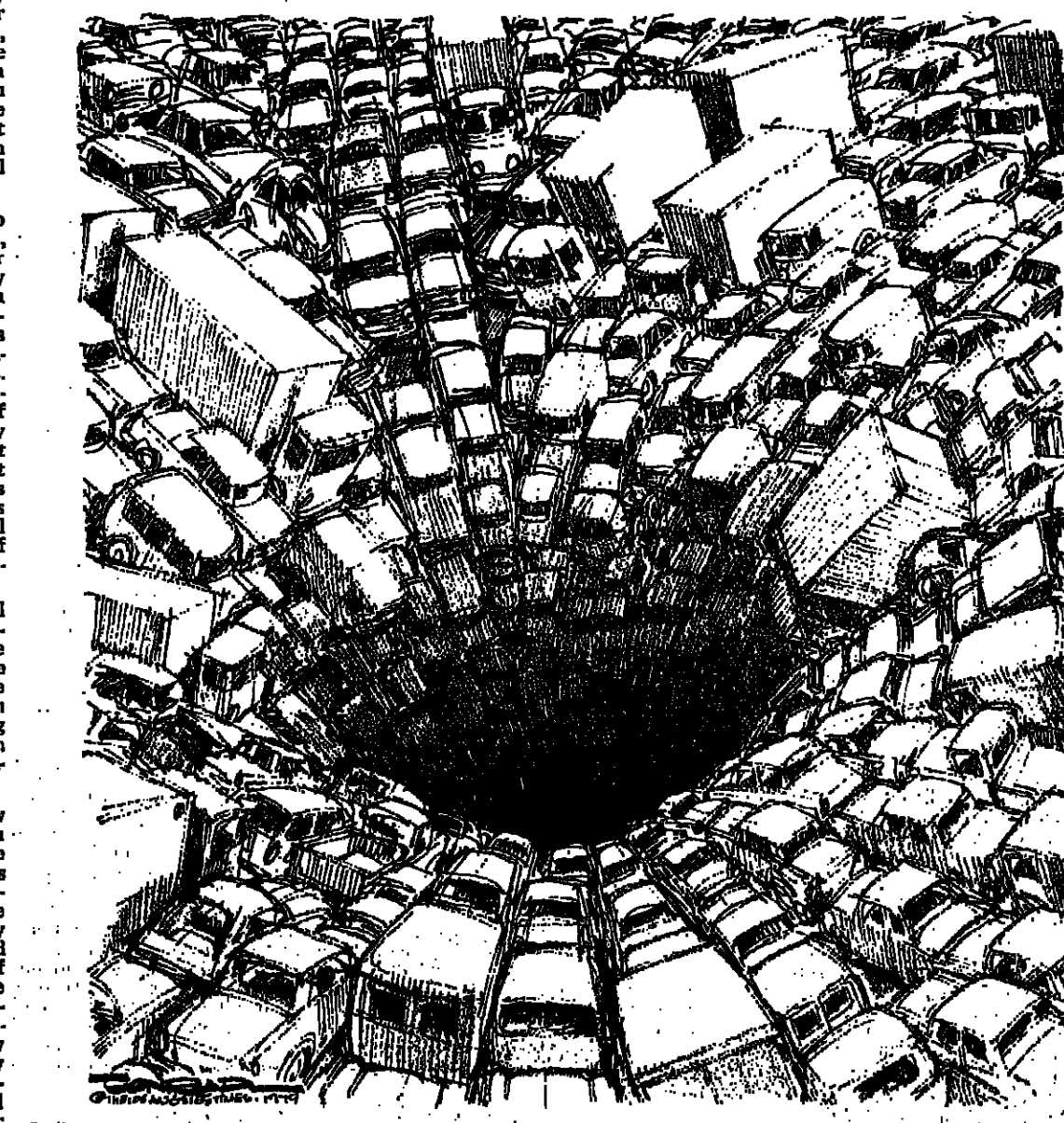
Since the Italian ideal was to keep women at home, the men rarely took regular jobs but they did take advantage of the other part-time work available in the Niagara region, the harvesting of fruit and vegetables. As with the males, this was seasonal employment in outdoor occupations and women and children worked as part of a family group. Hence the family structure of employment was maintained.

These Italian families were closely knit and kinship ties played an active part in both migration and settlement, usually through the familiar process of sending advance tickets back to Italy to bring over family members. Like the Germans in Milwaukee, Italian families in Buffalo took in boarders, usually originating from their own village and working at a further source of income. Chains of migration were thus established but immediate family loyalty always took precedence over obligations to the extended family. Residential segregation in Buffalo fostered the sense of Italian identity, acute of exclusion from the surrounding social life.

The nuclear family household had prevailed in Southern Italy and continued to prevail in Buffalo. The immigrants conformed rigidly to their traditional notions of correct behaviour and, as in 1900 and 1909 Italians were a distinct group, least likely to be in receipt of welfare because of desertion or neglect by the family head. The marriage rules remained strict and illegitimacy was very low. The family structure, however, was a pattern of employment was accepted in the Southern Italian tradition.

Attempts by relief organizations, settlement agencies and social workers to impose American values were strongly resisted and regarded as threats and intrusions. Such rejection was educated. Property ownership had a far higher priority and between 1900 and 1930 Italian homes, ownership increased quite surprisingly, considering how backward the family finances were. Italian parents preferred work to school for their children and family discipline extended to the children's work-place. The "materialism" of the immigrant thus took a similar form to that in Milwaukee, the common theme, "remaining outside the family was not a realistic or comfortable option". Second, there were quite precise circumstances in the traditional peasant society of the migrants here considered which could be adapted to the completely different urban environment of Buffalo. Some modes of behaviour matched the new situation, others did not; the former were retained and transformed, the latter were gradually abandoned.

Central to Professor Yans-McLaughlin's analysis is the important fact that most of Buffalo's Italian immigrants came from small village communities in Southern Italy, mainly in Sicily and Basilicata, where day-labourers and craftsmen were accustomed to work away from home and to irregular employment, supplementing their meagre wages by making a tangible sign of success and as a



decompression chamber in which the newcomers could, at their own pace, make a reasonable adjustment to the new forces of a society vastly different from that which they had known in the Old World. (providing the warmth, familiar ways, and sense of acceptance that prevented the signs of "uprooting" from becoming a disorienting horror).

Professor Conzen sees early Milwaukee as a "pivotal case," between the extreme isolation of the ethnic ghetto and rapid integration. Both the Germans and the Irish in Milwaukee congregated together in definable neighbourhoods but also participated economically, politically and culturally in the development of the city, growing to prominence by the start of the first phenomenon postponed assimilation, but the second allowed gradual adjustment and eventual full mutual acceptance.

Milwaukee consisted of a mere 700 houses in 1835, when the first immigrants began to arrive and the Americans were as much newcomers as the foreigners; by 1850 almost two thirds of the population were foreign-born, including 36 per cent German and 10 per cent Irish. In 1860, one-half of the household heads were German. The town had the frontier characteristic of youth but, paradoxically, had the urban characteristic of a female surplus, especially in the adolescent age-group, since both Irish and German girls worked in urban homes as domestic servants. Irish, on the German population, that the book mainly concentrates,

tracing their origins and occupations in Europe, their journeys to Milwaukee, their economic and social progress, their political activities, their housing, their cultural institutions. Milwaukee was generally able to live up to its promise that the immigrant would "quickly find employment and abundant sources of income which, with hard work, sobriety and thrift... would secure independence for him in a short period of time, even if he arrives penniless". It seems that about twenty years in Milwaukee was "long enough for a sizeable proportion of newcomers to attain the comfortable lot that was the traditional desire of the immigrant".

As for legend, the first Milwaukee brewery was not founded by Germans but by Welshmen; the great German breweries began to appear in the 1840s. Pabst, Schlitz and Blatz were all prominent by 1860, and brewing was one of the trades in which the Germans had achieved a spectacular success, and with it also a predominance in saloon-keeping; proprietors of saloons and beer-gardens played an important role economically, socially and politically. One consequence of this was that Milwaukee Germans did not support Lincoln because of the Republican Party's espousal of temperance and prohibitionism.

Immigrants became home owners more often than their native counterparts in similar economic circumstances. Unlike the normal story of ghetto depopulation, the areas of their settlement in Milwaukee gained in status. The desire for better housing was both a tangible sign of success and as a

means of security created a strong element of materialism in immigrant communities; at the lowest level this took the form of material aid given by ethnic societies to newcomers. This materialism was a clear link between the Germans in Milwaukee and the Italians of Buffalo.

Family and Community challenges the view that immigration was a disruptive influence on family stability. Indeed, the families studied made a relatively smooth transition from the Old World to the New, and the author sets herself the task of explaining why and how this occurred. In the first place, family structure and relationships save emotional, financial and other practical support through the strains imposed by migration, to the extent that "remaining outside the family was not a realistic or comfortable option". Second, there were quite precise circumstances in the traditional peasant society of the migrants here considered which could be adapted to the completely different urban environment of Buffalo. Some modes of behaviour matched the new situation, others did not; the former were retained and transformed, the latter were gradually abandoned.

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Similar problems arising from conflicts of values are examined by Paul Boyer in *Urban Masses and Moral Order in America, 1620-1920*, an ambitious book which attempts to study urban physical, moral and psychological problems and the responses to them over a period of three centuries. The title of the first chapter is symbolic—











# At the cultural crossroads

By Malcolm Colledge

CLARK HOPKINS:  
The Discovery of Dura-Europos  
Edited by Bernard Goldman  
305pp. Yale University Press. £12.60.  
0 300 02288 3

"Historical treasure trove" is the phrase used here to describe the extraordinary archaeological discoveries made at Dura-Europos in the 1920s and 1930s, and it is hardly an exaggeration. Year after year the Euphrates city yielded finds which revolutionized studies of the Hellenistic Greek world, the empire of the Iranian Parthians, the Roman east, early Christianity, and Judaism in the first centuries of our era. So it is fortunate indeed that the longest-serving field director of the dig was able, before his death four years ago, to set down this account of how the finds were made. The manuscript, not quite complete at his death, has been sympathetically edited by another leading Dura scholar, Bernard Goldman.

The creation of Dura-Europos was one result of the Greek occupation of Asia which followed the whirlwind eastern conquests of Alexander the Great. At his untimely death in 323 BC Alexander, leaving the armies of Greece, had conquered a Near Eastern empire that stretched from Anatolia and Syria to the Punjab. This western Asiatic domain fell to his general Seleucus, soon to be self-styled king; and Seleucus and his Hellenistic Greek successors continued their master's policy of merging Greek and oriental cultures, not without protests on either side. To hold the empire, cities were founded at strategic points. One such was Dura-Europos, placed by Seleucus on a high bluff that rose on the right (or Syrian) bank of the middle Euphrates river, in northern Mesopotamia. Its considerable size and massive walls indicated its purpose: to act as a stronghold controlling the district around, policing the desert, protecting the caravan routes and keeping the nomads at bay.

The role that Dura-Europos played in the chequered history of Mesopotamia during nearly six centuries of existence, as revealed by the excavations, is outlined in

the book's final chapter. Although a Greek foundation and a town in which Greek families long remained influential, it became a polyglot centre, whose mixed culture was typical of the area. Numerous aspects of its life have been highlighted by an unusually rich harvest of documents, from funeral stone inscriptions to parchments and papyrus in Greek, Aramaic, and later Latin, Hebrew and Parthian.

The founders tried hard to create a Greek town, bestowing upon it their typical grid-plan of streets, administrative palace, market-place (agora) and walling. But set in a Semitic sea it was doomed to become orientalised, a process hastened by events late in the second century BC. The Iranian Parthians, once subjects of Seleucus' successors, had progressively taken over ever larger areas of their empire, until now they had reached the Euphrates, swallowing up Dura-Europos. Under Parthian rule the town prospered, and the Greek market-place, filled with little lanes of shops, became an eastern bazaar. Temples to oriental deities arose, and houses assumed a Mesopotamian character. Finally, about AD 165, the Romans seized and occupied Dura-Europos, contributing a group of military and administrative buildings, temples and, of course, baths. This is the best-known period of the town, which continued to prosper until danger threatened in the mid-third century. Huge ramps of earth were hastily thrown up to strengthen the walls, engulfing private houses on the inside, but in vain: about 256 the town fell to the Sassanid Persians, and was for ever destroyed.

Students of Classical cultures were awed by the wealth of information that poured from the dig. Light was suddenly shed on very many different aspects of ancient life, administrative and religious, art-historical and domestic. Three contributions in particular proved dramatic. The first concerned the mixed culture of the Parthian empire, compounded of elements from the earlier Near East, the Greek inheritance and the contemporary world, whose manifestations varied from one centre to the next; particularly striking was a habit, developed among artists from the turn of our era, of making figures on a plane surface frontal. The second was Christian: one of the

houses engulfed by the ramp had been turned to Christian uses, and featured among its painted wall-decorations a bearded Christ. Third, and most astonishing, another house buried by the ramp had been recently converted into a synagogue, and its walls were covered with paintings, fully described here, which depicted scenes from the Old Testament in three superimposed registers apparently in flagrant defiance of the Jewish prohibition of images, a surprise widely debated ever since.

But it is the people, rather than the issues connected with the Dura-Europos dig that emerge from Clark Hopkins' pages. A series of chapters chronicles the excavation campaigns, and the great scholarly names of his generation spring to life, not always creditably. Chief among the moving spirits were Franz Cumont and the indefatigable Michael Rostovtzeff, who organized the joint French and American expedition. Difficulties were immense. Funds were a perennial problem. The site was often threatened by nomad attack. Wind, dust, insects and sickness assailed the excavators and personality clashes erupted, resulting in quarrels over everything from where to dig to the provision of latrines. The workmen had to be paid in gold and silver coin, which made the fetching of their wages a nerve-racking business. Two scholars invited to assist secretly collected information which they then published without permission (one got a Vatican medal for it).

Those disposed to cavil may find Professor Hopkins' touch less sure in the parts of his narrative where he is describing events at which he was not personally present. They may be disappointed by the quality of the photographs. They may bemoan the nineteenth-century method of excavation prevalent at the time, with hundreds of workmen toiling together in huge gangs and being paid baksheesh for whatever they found. They may lament the author's carelessness in allowing a hundred fragments of the precious synagogue wall-paintings to be destroyed by rain, just after they had been discovered. But Hopkins has had the courage to reveal bad as well as good, and so the book constitutes a fascinating complement to the splendid series of preliminary and final excavation reports produced by the expedition.

## Annunciation

*It seems I must have been more fertile than most to have taken that wind-blown thistledown softly-spoken word into my body and grown big-bellied with it. Nor was I the first. There had been rumours of such goings-on before my turn came—tales of swansdown. Mine had no wings or feathers actually, but it was hopeless trying to convince them. They like to think it was a mystical encounter, although they must know I am not of that fibre. And to say I was "troubled" is laughable. What I do remember is a great rejoicing, my body's arch and flow, the awe, and a great ringing and singing in my ears—and then the world stopped for a little while. But still they will keep on about the Word—which is their name for it—even though I've told them that is definitely not how I would put it. I should have known they'd try to take possession of my ecstasy and swaddle it in their portentous terminology. I should have kept it hidden in the dark web of my veins—though this child grows in me, not unwanted certainly, but not intended on my part. The risk did not concern me at the time, naturally. I must be simple to have told them anything. Just because I stressed the miracle of it, they've rumoured it about the place that I'm immaculate. But then they always were afraid of female sexuality. I've pondered these things lately in my mind. If they should canonize me, (setting me up as chaste and meek and mild) God only knows what nonsense they'll visit on the child.*

Sylvia Kantaris

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Berkshire is currently seeking to improve its information services and its work with special groups—the elderly, the institutionalised, those with language problems, etc. The Principal Librarian will work closely with the Assistant County Librarian, Education, Information and Special Services, in developing and co-ordinating such work throughout the County. The post is based in County Library Headquarters in Reading. Further details and application forms from the County Librarian, Abbey Mill House, Abbey Square, Reading (Reading RG1 1AB). Closing date February 8th, 1980.

CITY OF DUNDEE DISTRICT COUNCIL

SENIOR LIBRARIAN FOR YOUTH SERVICES

Applications are invited from men/women for the above post in the Library Department.  
Salary Scale: £4,776-£5,220 per annum.  
Applicants must be suitably qualified librarians with some relevant experience in middle management and who can show enthusiasm and initiative in the promotion of the service to children and schools within the City of Dundee.  
Application forms and job descriptions may be obtained from the PERSONNEL OFFICER (RECRUITMENT), 14 City Square, Dundee DD1 3BJ. Tel: 0332 23141, Ext. 259. Completed applications should be lodged with the undersigned not later than 8th February, 1980.  
Gordon S. Watson, Town Clerk and Chief Executive, City Chambers, Dundee DD1 3BY.

ULSTER POLYTECHNIC

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN GRADE 3  
Salary Scale: £3,930-£4,761 + £6 per month supplement (under review)

An Assistant Librarian is required to assist in supplementing the cataloguing output of the subject specialists. The post will provide the opportunity to gain experience of MARC cataloguing through the library's membership of the Birmingham Libraries Co-operative Mechanization Project.  
Applicants must be graduates with a professional library qualification.

Further particulars and application forms which must be returned by February 11 may be obtained by telephoning, Walsley (0251) 89131 ext. 2249 or by writing to: The Employment Officer, Ulster Polytechnic, Shores Road, NEWTOWNABEY, Co. Antrim BT37 5QS.

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To conduct a research project into the use, value, effect and impact of books and other printed materials in the London Borough of Wandsworth.

Wandsworth Public Libraries have been awarded a grant by the British National Bibliography Research Fund. The project will start around April 1980 and last for fifteen months. Research techniques will include a sample survey, attitude interviews and practical tests. The person appointed will be efficient, creative and imaginative and preferably have knowledge of social psychology. Secondment will be negotiated if required.

For informal discussion about this major project telephone John Wright (Project Head) on 01-228 3474. Full details and application form from Personnel Section, Recreation Department, Town Hall, Battersea, London, S.W.11. (01-223 8311). Closes 20th February.

LONDON BOROUGH OF

WANDSWORTH

## HOUSE OF LORDS

Catalogues required by end of February. Experience of Computer cataloguing an advantage. Librarian, Grade IV salary scale.

Application forms from:

Establishment Office,  
House of Lords,  
London, SW1A 0PW  
Tel. 01-219 3185

PLYMOUTH POLYTECHNIC

LEARNING RESOURCES CENTRE

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SERVICES LIBRARIAN

SALARY: £6,264-£8,936

To be responsible for Bibliographical Services, whose activities include the selection and acquisition of materials, cataloguing and classification, physical maintenance and editing of stock. A professionally qualified graduate is required with at least five years' experience in an academic library, specialist experience in at least one of the areas of activity and a proven ability to liaise effectively with users. Knowledge of the use of automated systems would be an advantage.  
Application forms to be returned by Friday, 15th February, 1980, can be obtained with further particulars from The Personnel Officer, Plymouth Polytechnic, Drake Circus, Plymouth PL4 8AA.

FOR BEST RESULTS ADVERTISE ALL YOUR HOLIDAY VACANCIES FOR 1980 IN THE T.L.S. Simply dial 01-837 1234 EXT. 437

ROYAL COUNTY OF BERKSHIRE

READING COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY  
King's Road, Reading RG1 4HJ  
(Telephone: Reading 583501)

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the above post from 1 April, 1980.  
The successful applicant will be required to assist in all aspects of running the library and to deputise for the College Librarian. Experience in cataloguing and classification an advantage.  
Salary on Grade AP1/2—£2,987 to £4,933 per annum (minimum for a Chartered Librarian £4,500).  
Application form and further particulars obtainable from the Registrar.

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A graduate Chartered Librarian with appropriate experience is required to develop existing library facilities on two sites.

SALARY: SENIOR LECTURER £6,597-£7,701

Application forms and further particulars from The Principal, Salford College of Technology, Frederick Road, Salford M6 6PU. Tel.: 061-736 8541.

LIBRARIANS

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LIBRARY SERVICES  
£2,500 to £3,000 per annum inclusive

(Reference £435/TLS)

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Application forms to be returned by Friday, 15th February, 1980, can be obtained with further particulars from The Personnel Officer, Hackney Polytechnic, 100 The Broadway, London E8 3JH. Tel.: 071-462 4444.

BOOK BUSH ASSISTANT

£4,110 to £4,500 per annum inclusive

(Reference £436/TLS)

We are also looking for an extra person to assist our Book Bush Assistant. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the selection and acquisition of materials, cataloguing and classification, physical maintenance and editing of stock. A professionally qualified graduate is required with at least five years' experience in an academic library, specialist experience in at least one of the areas of activity and a proven ability to liaise effectively with users. Knowledge of the use of automated systems would be an advantage.  
Application forms to be returned by Friday, 15th February, 1980, can be obtained with further particulars from The Personnel Officer, Hackney Polytechnic, 100 The Broadway, London E8 3JH. Tel.: 071-462 4444.

WEXHAM PARK HOSPITAL, Slough

MEDICAL LIBRARIAN (PART-TIME)

Applications are invited for the above post involving 20 hours per week.  
The person appointed will be expected to expand the existing stock and develop an information service for the medical staff.  
The library has close connections with the King Edward VII Hospital, Windsor, and both hospitals are part of the Oxford Regional Library and Information Service.  
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Application forms and job descriptions from: District Personnel Officer, East Berkshire Health District, 81 Frances Rd., Windsor, Berks. Telephone: Windsor 68888. Ext. 13.  
Closing date: 15th February 1980.





















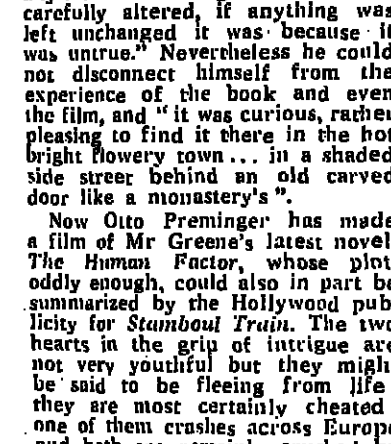






George Allen Unwin

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# The many-sidedness of modernism

By Theodore Weiss

Dr. J. ROSENTHAL:  
Sailing into the Unknown  
Yeats, Pound, and Eliot  
232pp. Oxford University Press.  
£5.95.  
0 19 502 318 8

A number of English poets and critics, some of the best among them, have understandably long resented Pound, Eliot, and Yeats as well. Foreigners, they dared to absorb, if not divert, the main stream of English poetry or make it turbulent at least with their thrashing presences. And how many years they occupied its centre! Shipping out with *Odysseus*, Pound's poem demonstrates, was altogether hazardous. And when *Odysseus* survived to tell the amazing tale? Philip Larkin has several times inveighed against Pound and Eliot, the agents provocateurs of that aberration, modernism. Donald Davie, after a long and impressively fruitful relationship with the poets, in his *Thomas Hardy and British Poetry* comes to the conclusion (at least for the time being) that Davie is, his judgment naturally altered with his poetic needs) that they must be set aside for the poet most valuable maintained the great tradition, Hardy. In fact, Davie claims, the setting aside has happened: "In British poetry of the last fifty years (as not in America) the most far-reaching influence, for good or ill, has been not Yeats, still less Eliot or Pound, nor Lawrence, but Hardy." This conclusion may seem extreme. Yet a close look at modern English poetry would probably reveal that the bulk of it does hark back to an earlier tradition.

Most recently Frank Kermode, in *Critical Inquiry*, after admitting his reluctance to "pursue" the tradition after twenty years ago to the "irrational wisdom" of the image, a wisdom "which I have never had much time for . . . and particularly fear . . . when it is systematized or when it is disseminated in the tone of a wisdom occasionally adopted by Yeats," can say, "In the end my distaste proved stronger than my interest, and I simply gave up Yeats." "Simply" is rather breath-taking: such casual dismissal of a major poet as "the talkative words," I suspect, are "fear" and "distaste," reflections of the not-unusual English disposition to rationality. Davie's book makes much of Hardy's modesty, civility, liberal reasonableness, his dealing in little more than to appear in Pound's *Golden Treasury*. Sharing Kermode's scepticism, Davie applauds Hardy's refusal to traffic with the transcendental. But aside from the danger for common sense, does the attitude not encourage a little measure of hostility, a yearning for the quieter days, a return to something like the Georgian poets? Fortunately Hardy was a good deal better than that.

A similar reaction has occurred in the United States. A number of poets and critics have deprecated Yeats and Eliot (if not so much Pound). Even Irving Howe, in a recent issue of the *New York Times Book Review*, noting that "Serious readers and critics in recent years have found in [Hardy's] poetry values that make it attractive at a time when the great figures of modernism may have come to seem a bit questionable," proposes:

To turn back to Eliot takes on the character of a cultural event. Between his work and a reasonably sophisticated reader there intervenes a thick portion of ideas about modernism, myth, the modern historical crisis, etc. With Hardy it is, or seems, otherwise. Reading his lyrics we experience a direct relation with language, immediate renderings of crucial moments, and a modest voice of contemplation.

No had would deny the greater consciousness and self-consciousness developing the work of Eliot and Yeats, but the crucial word in Howe's observation is the reflexive "seems." He is so acute a critic not to qualify his own attitude: no literary experience can be unmediated. There is always the resonance of tradition and the pressure of cultural assumption—as much in Hardy as in Eliot. He, American primitivist, Howe knows

we cannot throw off our age or the past to become naked, post, wholly original.

One of the major impulses of modern times has been to see how close to life (or nature) art can come. In fact, with the literary and the improvisational, with happenings and action painting, both in America and England a huge bid has been made to break out of culture altogether or to identify nature and culture. Recently, in a perceptive review of John Bayley's *An Essay on Hardy* for the *TLS* (July 28, 1978), Robert Langbaum reports that Bayley shows how Hardy is modern yet different from the modernists in that his ideas do not control his work. One thinks of Eliot's James was not violated by ideas, or for that matter, Williams' "no ideas but in things." But Bayley, amplifying this notion, says that Hardy's ideas are "quite separate from his observations of persons and things." In short, whatever Hardy's culture, nature in his work happily prevailed. (We are, I think, not far from Howe's position.) Langbaum further reports: "The disunity accounts for Hardy's lack of fluency" which signified the "Victorian's power over the material and interfered with the feel of life." Too great fluency can indeed drown the very things it assumes it is presenting.

But more than that danger is at stake. Bayley has it that Hardy was "helpless" he willingly "let his text tell him what he does." Do less Eliot or Pound, nor Lawrence, but Hardy? This conclusion may seem extreme. Yet a close look at modern English poetry would probably reveal that the bulk of it does hark back to an earlier tradition.

Though Langbaum finds this formulation applicable to Hardy, he recognizes it for the tentative fallacy it is. In fact, Bayley goes so far as to say that "Hardy is most present in a work when he is being most inconsistent, when the elements of the work are most separately and consciously rendered, which may seem inapt, is a fact that releases unconscious perceptions." It is hard to know how much Bayley means us to stress "may seem inapt" and "a faint" or "for malization," but here we seem to have the artist as victim, prostrate before life and, apparently, at his best in that state since most accurate about things as they are. Is such a view not in danger of surrendering the artist as artist, of rendering the emotion, deep conviction that he makes at least somewhat in charge of his material, using it, discovering its wholeness in likely patterns? But how, complaining when an Ashbery is praised for being "true to the mind's confusions"? "True to the mind's confusions" is a term, rather than making and comprehending, would now seem to be the poet's business.

The final truth appears in Bayley's: "The fact was what mattered to Hardy's romanticism, not what he made of it." Does such an interpretation not encourage a basic confusion, not only of art and life but of our notions of life and life itself? Are not "facts" (here we see the pervasive influence of science) a tacit agreement on how to see the world, an expression of culture? Surely it is a remarkable moment when we can applaud "separation" and "inconsistency" unconscious perceptions" remarkable when the "made" no longer seems to be "natural." But perhaps life has become so difficult, so overwhelming, that many of us can trust a writer only when he threatens to fall to pieces. However, one might be tempted to ask, why go to so much intellectual trouble when one can simply say that we have had Yeats, Pound, and Eliot, and have had it? After all that, how accomplished, give us the drab, the rugged, the mistaken, the indifferents.

Or in Ammons's words "give me the dumb, debilitated, nasty, and longer when he seems to find the cliff it was not a little road—good poems, all these little road—dances splendidly brought off" and which he is "sick of." Of course one longs for a medium able to accommodate everything: boredom, folk, stupidity, etc. But without being about the nature of any of

them, yet somehow, perhaps by the intensity of the concentration on them, the loving human care, re-deemed: else why have art in the first place and not simply living itself?

Yet Howe similarly compromises the issue. For though he acknowledges the intellectual forces at work in Hardy, he maintains they do not hover so loomingly, so fiercely, so brazenly as those that surround Eliot (and again, even Yeats). In Hardy the pressures of culture have been more thoroughly subdued, or occasionally evaded, than in the great figures of modernism.

We might boggle at this conclusion, especially as we recall those Hardy poems which do grapple with the obvious problems of his age or recall his pervasive melancholy, surely a consequence to some degree of that age. And we might ask whether Hardy is not more simple-seeming because his times are not so present, their problems, unlike those of Yeats and Eliot, not our problems. But praising Hardy's naïveté, which "now comes to seem a source of strength," Howe maintains that Hardy moved beyond the shaping thought of his time to "his own unique way of looking at things, the bias of a temperamental drawing from country life but imbued with modern ideas." According to Howe, culturally-conditioned ideas do not "clog" Hardy's poetry, and "they do not require elaborate glosses. Whatever is abiding in our life—and something must be!—survives in Hardy."

Being "rubbed raw by modern ideas" does not sound like too much of an escape from culture to Eliot, Pound, and Eliot. Also, I would have thought that in their best poems these poets likewise move beyond their age's ideas (in fact they were often dead set against them) to their own unique way of looking at things; nor do history, myth, etc., clog these poems.

But elaborate glosses or not, I wonder how immediately one reads most major poets in their more ambitious work. The short lyric is one thing; the long, meditative lyric or the sequence, quite another. In understanding the complexity of world the latter is likely to make far greater demands on the reader. Yet the simple truth is out. According to Howe we turn back to Hardy for relief from our age's tyrannical spirit. However, much as we may want to rest with the security of Hardy's old age, his balancing of finalities, Howe knows we cannot long escape our own time. A desire to do so, he admits, is merely foolish. But rather than finding security in Hardy's lyrics, I have always found them a poignancy that is an outcrop of their gloomy doubts and foreboding. Still, Howe's honesty in words like "escape" and "rest" helps to make clear what it is that now, after the bettered 1970s, attracts us to Hardy. And we can accept Howe's view since it recognizes the escape as temporary. The return to Hardy, it would seem, cannot be much

more, except as a great poet of any time and place proves a delight and an inspiration.

None the less, a growing number of American poets and critics agree with Larkin, Davie, and Kermode in giving Eliot and even Yeats short shrift, though, ironically enough, they do so for reasons usually the opposite of those of the English, i.e., they object to Yeats's and Eliot's formality, celebration, internationalism, historicism, and finally (at least with Eliot) devotion to the establishment. I have been puzzled that Yeats's absorption in the mystical and the occult has not made him more popular with recent poets. The answer must be that he was too accomplished and elegant, too formal (at least externally) in his verses for them. The use he made of forces beyond the mystical and the occult has not made him more popular with recent poets. The answer must be that he was too accomplished and elegant, too formal (at least externally) in his verses for them. The use he made of forces beyond the mystical and the occult has not made him more popular with recent poets.

I find this coddling of Yeats and Eliot with either the rough old quarled history of Hardy or, more commonly in America, the crabapple bough of William Carlos Williams, most regrettable. Despite Williams' modernism, he and Hardy have had a similar appeal. However different they may have been, both, though rubbed raw by modern ideas, were essentially pastoral poets, rooted to their respective places.

And they and their work have encouraged the present ardour for the local and, being misunderstood for an often unfortunate simpleness. Much as I admire both poets and for their earthiness I do not mean to cudge them in turn. But surely one may complain about critical positions and poetic practices that, whatever their reasons, tend to shrink the world of poetry to limit its possibilities.

Many recent American poets have wanted to leap over Yeats and Eliot and, via Pound and especially Williams, to find their way back to the shaggy bison (at least as they misread him), that wild original and aboriginal of the American past, Whitman. One of America's better poets, Galway Kinnell, in would-be all-out romanticism has said, with truth but also with what seems like intellectual laziness, a lack of balance and reasonableness, even a certain stupidity, in American writers. "Even more impressively, as he gets on to his ideal: 'Had Whitman been more clever, conceivably he could have turned out to be as good as Whitman or Longfellow. He was too awkward, too unschooled, too mad.' Clearly Whitman has proved too clever for Kinnell. (Fortunately in another context Kinnell declares '... the best poets are the sanest'.) Then he goes on to say, 'Of course, the verbalities suppressed his discovery for a hundred years, always preferring lesser poets, including, in our time, Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot, whose work is so much better suited to the classroom.' Kinnell does not have the guts to say the ordinary and painful time it took before Eliot and Pound were accepted. And did not even fairly academic centres swear

Whitman in as a substantial part of the curriculum quite a few years ago?

But both in theory and in practice these newer poets plump for immediacy, a kind of magical realism that hopes to make excitement of the moment beyond the urgencies and outrages of the past. This magic, a reading of the best of them reveals, can be thoroughly impressive. They have staked out regions of the luring islands on three Odyssean poets paused in and sped on from.

One can applaud these younger poets' desire to recover poetry's basic feeling, its primitive power of mystery. But may concentration in a future of distrust for poetry's final fastness, already evidenced in the romantic poets before the always more triumphant prose of the world: journalism, the novel, science, commerce? The potential risks and costs of such magic grow ever clearer. Like Howe's fairly well yearning, such work in its insouciantly, its elemental, shamanic tone as though from under rocks and roots, expresses an understanding desire to escape our age's oppressiveness. But the jettisoning of such magic grows ever clearer. Like Howe's fairly well yearning, such work in its insouciantly, its elemental, shamanic tone as though from under rocks and roots, expresses an understanding desire to escape our age's oppressiveness.

One might suggest that most abundantly obtains in Yeats and Pound, and in Eliot as well, in his unmistakable resonance out of mysterious sources. Eliot could say, "The artist, I believe, is primitive, as well as more civilized than his contemporaries, his experience is deeper than civilization, as he only uses the phenomena of civilization in expressing it." But in addition, these three poets plotted their whole beings, primitive as well as more civilized, memory and longing no less than the local and the immediate; for them the remote past could be as present as the here and now. Why Howe speaks with approval of Hardy's "modest voice of contemplation" is he not echoing the present's suspicion of the large, the noble, not to say the sublime? Worn by our age's holocaust, many of us have submitted to the contrary of the grand. The rootedness, the fragment of some, of our better recent poets is not this; the triviality that pervades vast reams of modern poetry, the downright drabness (except as it is tarted up by easy neo-surrealism), is quite another. Many poets content with a mere rehashing of their routine, daily movements.

Democratization, one could say, has advanced as far in poetry as even the dull, the ordinary and prose—have found their lobby. Williams, despite his lyrical curiety and his patient, deep sympathies, has been misread, plucked down into the pedestrian, as they are but drably, journalistically, are pressed without imagination or vision, as though they were deceptions, as though their drabness by its oppressive plainness confirms the poem's authenticity.

Yet though ambition, range, complexity have been turned down from might we not be tempted to remember that most of the modern poets we regard as major, the attempted work of considerable scope, usually sequences, whether it be *Song of Myself*, *The Four Quartets*, *The Waste Land*, and *The Waste Land*, *The Bridge*, *Notes toward a Supreme Fiction*, or *Unlabeled Poems*, whatever their preoccupation with the self, acknowledge and sought to realize the world out there, one that always, if only hope to deal with, cannot be fully brought back to the woods or think to ourselves in the primordial self.

How, beyond some one-sided catastrophe no-one with an eye would begin to dream of, can we expect our "hugely conditioned" return to the woods or think to ourselves in the primordial self. How, beyond some one-sided catastrophe no-one with an eye would begin to dream of, can we expect our "hugely conditioned" return to the woods or think to ourselves in the primordial self. How, beyond some one-sided catastrophe no-one with an eye would begin to dream of, can we expect our "hugely conditioned" return to the woods or think to ourselves in the primordial self.

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reality than Yeats and Eliot, and these aspects deserve to be attended to. But stress the former, the latter and our whole reality, as much as not a product of the human imagination, is bound to be beggared. Rather, as with the basic differences between English and American poetry, naturally prompted by their very different worlds, we are better off being grateful for the riches of those differences.

But the detractors of Yeats, Pound, and Eliot, especially the more vehement among them, may be doing these poets a service. They are voicing the inevitable human reaction to success: our tiring of the triumphant, in itself and in our applause of it. This would be delirium—the reasonable desire of new poets to throw off the past and to find their own voices notwithstanding may help to revivify and eventually restore our three poets.

After a time readers and writers, poets ones particularly, needing to react to their present's fix, may seek out Yeats and Eliot again. To prosper, literature requires hindrances, oppositions.

It is all this that makes M. L. Rosenthal's *Sailing into the Unknown: Yeats, Pound and Eliot* sharply pertinent. During the years that he has had the work in mind, books about these poets have appeared in swarms. Consequently, one might think his volume belated. However the time and its hawks have ripened Rosenthal's powers and afforded him an important perspective. So has the most recent poetry. In the interim he has written volumes of his own very considerable poems and several books of criticism on modern poetry that have established him as one of our most valuable critics. He has also been prominent as an editor and a teacher, activities that have kept him at the centre of our poetry. Moreover, it is precisely at this moment, when we are in danger of discarding the three poets, that we need a reassessment of their value. Rosenthal's book reminds us of what we are always inclined to forget: how much a poem can come to us, not to be too easily satisfied. Out of his respect for poetry's basic significance to our lives, his refusal to allow critical theories to eclipse poems themselves, he is ideally prepared to demonstrate the pertinence of Yeats, Pound and Eliot in the only way that matters: through their work. We must esteem the intensity of his involvement and his direct, but highly discriminating love of that work.

His book offers an accurately local view: Yeats, Pound and Eliot in their poems and in their oppositions to us. He emphasizes their integrity, their great Odyssean rootedness, the fragment of some, of our better recent poets is not this; the triviality that pervades vast reams of modern poetry, the downright drabness (except as it is tarted up by easy neo-surrealism), is quite another. Many poets content with a mere rehashing of their routine, daily movements.

However, he does not blink his past weaknesses, their programmatic impulses that sometimes weighed upon their imaginative powers. He prices them for their part in establishing a new genre, perhaps the most significant of modern times, the poetic sequence, which enables the poet to exercise his whole being. Rosenthal's experience in writing sequences himself, most recently his moving and with special rapport, in something like Elizabethan comedy, is after, in a recovery of the total human condition.

Understanding his journey through the work of his three poets, he proposes that we try to read them with mind entire, the way they read their lives and the way they wrote their poems. By this proposal Rosenthal means the reverse of the removal from society of his time. Plunging into Cantos and Quartets, he is not at all "directly" acting out that communion of post and present which is felt at the pitch of exportation in process. He enlightens us on the brilliant, experimental or "naïve" materials, on the glowing energy he released in bringing *Odysseus* up to date.

As he proceeds to a larger dimension of Pound's dimension—Rosenthal, rightly, says, "his greatest poem" is Pound's purpose, which it becomes

excessively complicated and defiant of assimilation, that causes trouble. But in life Pound could confess, "I don't have a one-track mind." The *Cantos*' free-moving tracks, crowded with speeding, loaded trains that cross and threaten to collide, leave many of us stranded. Pound continued, "When I talk it is like an explosion in my mind; you have to hunt around for the pieces." Rosenthal considers *The Cantos* "a sequence of sequences" because of the half accumulated and because of its improvisatory nature he thinks it absurd—and I agree—to expect the poem to have a single integrity. Rosenthal would, I believe, assent that *The Cantos* are a texture and a contexture rather than a text.

*The Cantos* constitute a texture, the weaving and reweaving, like Penelope's endless industry, of a most extraordinary poetic mind. Or rather, like *Odysseus* himself, twisting in and out and back and forth on its long journey. And Rosenthal is most helpful in following the intricate movements of Pound's imagination. In his examination of the first *A Draft of N/1 Cantos* he establishes the pacing of the process and, at the same time, the emergent moments of ecstatic yet completely local loveliness; these, like images, stabilize the poem and focus, even while they underwrite, its riotous energies.

Rosenthal recognizes the "tendentious" material that invades the later *Cantos* and the mechanical that now and then overtakes the organic. However sympathetic to what he calls their "found poetry," he applauds Pound's "genius in deploying documentary quotations and other data." Pound, it is true, almost persuades us to share his enthusiasm for his sources, as important to him in their original utterance as the minute moments in the language he admired. Despite his aversion for abstractions, the fact of his documents, their very literalness, saved them from being mere ideas in Pound. Rosenthal reads *The Pisan Cantos* with great delicacy and sympathy. So much so that one might feel some uneasiness before statements like "change the names [here Mussolini and company] and a few specific details, and the same passage could be used to memorialize a political martyrdom or defeat in a cause cherished by more of us. . . . No doubt, but surely the names and the specific details, especially to anyone as sensitive to them as Rosenthal, make a fundamental difference?"

With Yeats' "Civil War Sequences" Rosenthal pauses briefly to discuss the poetic sequence itself. He finds it a natural outgrowth of the modern sensibility. Whatever diverse elements it may include, he concludes that its ordering is finally lyrical, a succession of effects, . . . openly improvisational and tentative in structure of poetry, or structure and process, the structure frequently made of and by the process.

However, he does not blink his past weaknesses, their programmatic impulses that sometimes weighed upon their imaginative powers. He prices them for their part in establishing a new genre, perhaps the most significant of modern times, the poetic sequence, which enables the poet to exercise his whole being. Rosenthal's experience in writing sequences himself, most recently his moving and with special rapport, in something like Elizabethan comedy, is after, in a recovery of the total human condition.

Understanding his journey through the work of his three poets, he proposes that we try to read them with mind entire, the way they read their lives and the way they wrote their poems. By this proposal Rosenthal means the reverse of the removal from society of his time. Plunging into Cantos and Quartets, he is not at all "directly" acting out that communion of post and present which is felt at the pitch of exportation in process. He enlightens us on the brilliant, experimental or "naïve" materials, on the glowing energy he released in bringing *Odysseus* up to date.

As he proceeds to a larger dimension of Pound's dimension—Rosenthal, rightly, says, "his greatest poem" is Pound's purpose, which it becomes

But is he, like many recent poets, satisfied with the lyrical alone, or does he make more of it? Narrative of an extended sort is no longer available to most poets, similarly wonder. But Rosenthal's additional references to the essay indicate that by best he means in its reflection of Eliot's own poetry and method. Though Eliot in this essay dismisses rather contemptuously, it would seem—as immature the impulse that Rosenthal concentrates on, as impulse belonging to adolescence. Rosenthal finds it most apt for explaining Eliot's ability to explore a multiplicity of feelings. "Eliot's primary centre of reference, as a poet, remains 'the intense feeling, ecstatic or terrible, without an object or exceeding its object' that is the real subject of his *Hamlet* essay and the heart of his poems." This observation may well contain a penetrating truth about the nature of Eliot's poetry, a respect for the mystery at the heart of our existence. Yet is not Rosenthal ignoring the problem at the base of the modern problems, that about the feelings and the world? Do we, regretting it, Eliot sought to heal the breach and to recover the oneness of fact and feeling, to reunite our outer and our inner life, by discarding adequate objective correlates? Here Rosenthal seems to appear to be applauding the very subjectivity he usually questions.

In his chapter "Uncomfortable Choices" Rosenthal suggests, between Yeats and Pound, was less rooted than Yeats but, his greater "orbit of association" notwithstanding, always more deliberate than Pound. The uncomfortable choice, as Rosenthal sees it, was Eliot's deciding increasingly that his didactic Christian message must be openly expressed: for Rosenthal this tendentiousness mars the work. But Eliot's risk of bringing the whole baggage of his mind along, cluttering the aesthetic field of action as he went? Certainly the religious and philosophical matters in the poems can constitute a problem. But Eliot's tendency to elaborate his ideas, one might observe, did find great precedence in Dante, who never hesitated to bring the whole baggage of his mind along, especially in the purgatorial cantos. And, of course, Pound stuffed his *Cantos* with all kind of recalcitrant materials. In his wariness before ideas as ideas, his suspicion of abstractions, Rosenthal seems closer to Pound, despite his actual practice, than to Eliot or Yeats—closer, that is, to the more recent prevailing attitude.

In spite of such reservations Rosenthal, impressed with Eliot's precocity, says that, from the start of his writing, "Everything Eliot does is experimental in some genuine sense." At the same time he examines Eliot's gradual (sometimes warily-building) of a poem occasionally out of seemingly discrete, separately published sections. And he admires the depth and extent of feeling such building elicits (and requires) to make a whole poem.

Referring to Eliot's "supreme buffoonery, the consequence of 'more feeling than I [Eliot] can sensibly] can express directly', Rosenthal, to my surprise, designates Eliot's early *Hamlet* and *Problems* his best critical essay.

## Love in War

1  
Could we dip  
off our lover's face one winged kiss  
what a fly-by  
powdery fluttering.

What did Eve get? Napoleon's kiss  
[flakes like mica. His woman's  
lenny assured flesh  
jills her marshall; her lusty  
flesh, her pouting flesh.

Her flesh.

2  
The wrecked vapour of a kiss  
and a battle. The sleeping tanks  
bedew with summery rain, and the flesh  
ragged like parsley. Her kiss  
tissues its salt trail  
on the lidded eye.

3  
Did Eve get prose? Walls  
of dashed light at the thighs.

My kiss endures your intensity—you  
aren't ever done with, not your kiss,  
not our originals. What then?

What's bare underneath  
resolute nakedness?

Jon Silkin

Indeed, with Eliot's own latter reservation about it as a comment on *Hamlet* and Shakespeare, and with the many strenuous objections to it from other critics, one might wonder. But Rosenthal's additional references to the essay indicate that by best he means in its reflection of Eliot's own poetry and method. Though Eliot in this essay dismisses rather contemptuously, it would seem—as immature the impulse that Rosenthal concentrates on, as impulse belonging to adolescence. Rosenthal finds it most apt for explaining Eliot's ability to explore a multiplicity of feelings. "Eliot's primary centre of reference, as a poet, remains 'the intense feeling, ecstatic or terrible, without an object or exceeding its object' that is the real subject of his *Hamlet* essay and the heart of his poems." This observation may well contain a penetrating truth about the nature of Eliot's poetry, a respect for the mystery at the heart of our existence. Yet is not Rosenthal ignoring the problem at the base of the modern problems, that about the feelings and the world? Do we, regretting it, Eliot sought to heal the breach and to recover the oneness of fact and feeling, to reunite our outer and our inner life, by discarding adequate objective correlates? Here Rosenthal seems to appear to be applauding the very subjectivity he usually questions.

But it would seem that Eliot did not trust his intense feelings enough. In one of the most interesting portions of his book Rosenthal ponders what *The Waste Land* would have come to had Eliot held onto those feelings and to the poem's original sections deleted at Pound's urging. A very different poem, Rosenthal believes, would have emerged, one closer, in being much more confessional and vulnerable, to that of Lowell and a Ginsberg, later dared to do. Neither his [Eliot's] nor Pound's taste was ready to be confident about doing so in 1922. . . . A different poem *The Waste Land* would certainly have been, but whether or not, because of its indulging the relaxations recent poets have allowed themselves is, to say the least, debatable. Aside from the question of the deleted sections' quality, might their inclusion have resulted in a slacker, brazier poem? As the poet himself admitted the first draft to Pound, Eliot thought *The Waste Land* a collection of poems rather than a whole poem. He later said that Pound's editing turned *The Waste Land* into a "familiar of good and bad passages into a poem."

Less, Rosenthal considers *The Waste Land* which we now have a structure with undeveloped potentialities. But he does admit that "Every poem is after all open in the sense that it could be developed further, it could be improved if only the poet's energies and state of readiness were a trifle beyond their actual state." Improved, yes, but also possibly weakened? One might wonder whether, in his view that Pound and Ginsberg's self-exploitation amounted to an improvement, some kind of belief in progress, at least in technique, is not lurking behind Rosenthal's thinking here.

Be that as it may, for Rosenthal Eliot never again matched the combined richness, volatility, and range of voices of *The Waste Land*. Eliot's plays passed even Rosenthal's adjudged the *Four Quartets* inferior, at best intermittently effective, weakened by their "mechanical parallelism." Also he thinks them not of "a single prolonged impulse or predicament." With their various settings and occasions one might wonder why they should be or, urging the opposite, whether an overarching predicament does not in fact subsume them all. He finds them no less deficient in unity than *The Cantos*.

But perhaps asking them to be "a fully integral sequence" is asking too much or rather something other than Eliot intended. They are, after all, four discrete quartets, not one. Obviously the pattern Eliot developed for them was meant to ensure that a shape contained them. *The Cantos* lacks. Again, despite his tolerance for the documentary in *The Cantos*, Rosenthal declares the *Four Quartets* cluttered with the making of doctrinal points (is it that he feels the need with Pound's "doctrines")? Consequently, he is singing a boringly slack verse line as well as "prose-drearliness." Whether one accepts this judgment or not, I do agree that ideas, to serve poetry, must come vibrantly alive; they must be felt and not be mere "doctrines" as opposed to this one.

thus, Dante, Donne, ideas often do live by being ideas. Their healing of the breach that Eliot desired: a thinking at the fingertips and a feeling with the mind. The opposite of the discontinuity, the radical disunity, which Bayley disavows in Hardy.

In his last chapter, "Continuities: Lessons of the Masters," Rosenthal stresses the three poets' continuing presence. Defiantly and briefly, commenting on other poets, mostly more recent ones, from Lowell and Creeley to Ashbery and Snyder, he remarks their debt to Yeats, Pound, and Eliot, that their lesser stature for exercising only a small part of the earlier poets' mastery. In one sentence he can summarize: "A good deal of the later Wallace Stevens suffers from overstatement and confusion with virtually no intensity," and for almost all John Ashbery's writing is an endless proliferation of tones without focus." Before the praise recent critics have meted out to the later Stevens, usually at the expense of the earlier poets, the fact of Eliot's indiscriminate enthusiasm for Ashbery, such reservations are well worth weighing. So are the remarks that follow.

Oneness is hardly an end in itself, even when the sensibility at work is as entranced with itself as in these two poets. Nevertheless, the experiments of Yeats, Pound, and Eliot probably made this problem inevitable with highly gifted poets who have infinite patience and can burn quietly along forever in their low-flickering way.

The reverse, he is confident, is what Yeats, Pound and Eliot were after. However, Rosenthal does not pause to remark the number of critics who prefer complexity, obscurity, prestidigitation to intention. He does remark the large, if not the small, of Yeats, Pound, and Eliot, English as well as American, have toward such intensity. They will not be taken in by their own feelings any more than by their age. Even Yeats declared passionately intensely to be the possession of present of "the worst." Not only the centre, also, but the circumference cannot hold.

Returning, finally to his initial image of the *Odysseus* model that Pound employed, Rosenthal accents the past, its use, as a vital presence and reassurance, a source of strength rather than anxiety. "The normal poetic position—from a poet's point of view—is that communion with the sensibility of the past is necessary both to self-location and to learning what it is to explore the hitherto unknown." But the normal poetic position does not seem to be so normal today. It is ironic that for almost dapper reasons many poets and critics concur in distrusting the past. The poets shy away from it out of their gain saying its worth, its relevancy, and out of their desire to be themselves, wholly here and now.

Rosenthal cites a number of more recent sequences with their like reliance on the poem's speaking personality as its unifying centre. Rosenthal has seemed to feel that many have relied on more in *The Waste Land*. He finds this inadequate, and also the assumption that "sheer drifting along, and the variations of theme and feeling time provides, will create structure enough."

Much as Eliot figures in their work, Rosenthal thinks it surprising that the Black Mountain poets and others should have rejected him. But was it not because of his religion and his politics and his idiosyncrasy (Rosenthal himself, we have seen, objected to some of them) more and more prominent in Eliot's work? Rosenthal is to be commended for pointing out that Williams, an immense influence on recent poets, was especially in *Potterton*, much closer to Eliot, Pound and Yeats than he or his followers have recognized. Convinced, Rosenthal compares elements of *Potterton* Book I with the much earlier *The Waste Land*. Then he suggests the vast reach of the three poets' influence, and in the end, in the impact of Yeats on Hardy on Auden, Emerson, Lowell, and Hughes—though not one of these, Rosenthal contends, possesses their model's misy-sidedness. But, Rosenthal judiciously concludes, what poets after Yeats and Eliot have done and are doing helps, like more news of *Odysseus*, to reveal additional facets of the latter's great, still richly living art. He also, to realize more than ever the breadth of their poems. He also, to realize more than ever the breadth of their poems. He also, to realize more than ever the breadth of their poems.



